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CHOICE

OF THE PORTS OF ENGLAND

ENGLISH PORTS

AND

By Joseph Knight

Vol. II.

London: Printed by J. Knight

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CHOICE

Of the best poetical pieces of the most eminent

ENGLISH POETS.

P u b l i s h e d

By Joseph Retzer.

V o l. VI.

Vienna

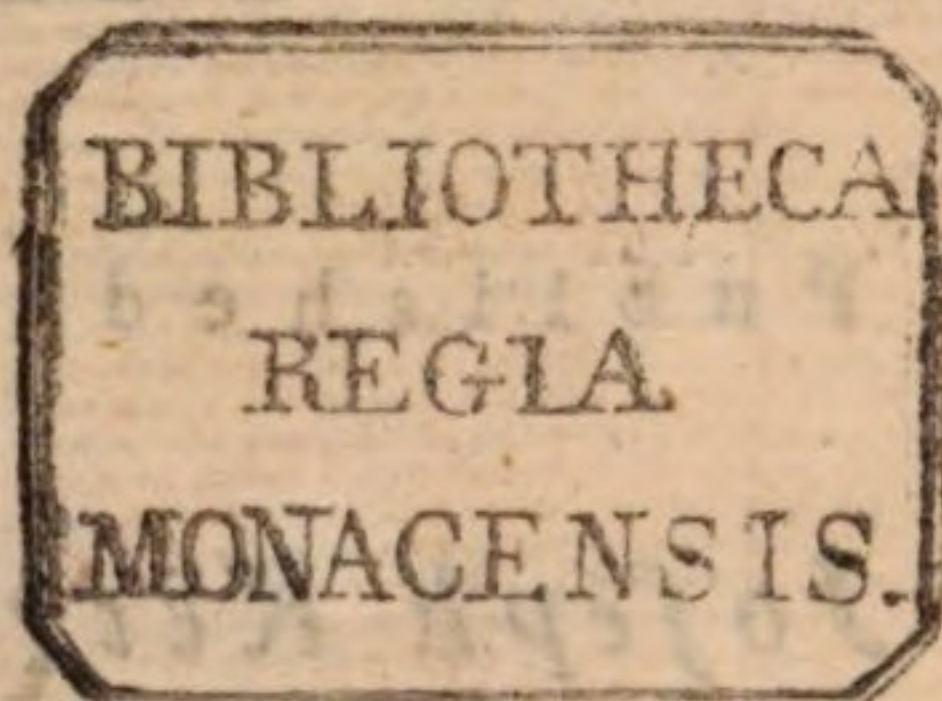
Printed for Thomas Trattner.

MDCCLXXXVI.

CHOICE

Of the best poetical pieces of the most eminent

ENGLISH POETS



Vol. VI

Vindob.

Printed for Thomas Tinsley

MDCCLXXVI

Ode for the New - year 1786.

I.

„ Dear to Jove, a genial isle
„ Crowns the broad Atlantic wave :
„ The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,
„ And vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime.
„ There in many a fragrant cave
„ Dwell the spirits of the brave,
„ And braid with amaranth their brows sublime. “
So feign'd the Grecian bards of yore,
And veil'd in fable's fancy - woven vest
A visionary shore,
That faintly gleam'd on their prophetic eye
Through the dark volume of futurity,
Nor knew, that in the bright attire they dress'd
Albion, the green - hair'd heroine of the west,
Ere yet she claim'd old ocean's high command,
And snatch'd the trident from the tyrant's hand.

II.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme?
 Mark the deeds from age to age,
 That fill her trophy - pictur'd page,
 And see, with all its strength, untam'd by time,
 Still glows her valour's veteran rage.
 O'er Calpe's cliffs and steepy towers
 When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,
 And death's own hand the dread artillery threw,
 While far along the midnight-main
 Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew,
 How triumph'd Elliott's patient train,
 Baffling their vain confederate foes,
 And met th' unwonted fight's terrific form,
 And, hurling back the burring war, arose
 Superior to the fiery storm!

III.

Is there an ocean, that forgets to roll
 Beneath the torpid pole,
 Nor to the brooding tempest heaves?
 Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves:
 The rugged Neptune of the wintry brine
 Invain his adamantine breast-plate wears;
 To search coy nature's guarded mine,

She bursts the barriers of th'indignant ice,
 O'er sunless bays the beam of science bears,
 And rousing far around the polar sleep,
 Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,
 She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.
 She speeds at George's sage command
 Society from deep to deep,
 And zone to zone she binds,
 From shore to shore o'er every land
 The golden chain of commerce winds.

IV.

Meantime her patriot-cares explore
 Her own rich woof's exhaustless store.
 Her native fleece new fervour feels,
 And wakens all its whirling wheels,
 And mocks the rainbow's radiant die:
 More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,
 In firmer bands domestic commerce weds,
 And calls her sister-isle to share the tie:
 Nor heeds the violence, that broke
 From filial realms, her old parental yoke.

V.

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,
Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy - proof;
Firm, as the castle's feudal roof,

Stands the Briton's social home —
Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot! —
Right, order, law protect her simplest plain,
Nor scorn, to guard the shepherd's nightly foed,
And watch around the forest-cot.

With conscious certainty the swain
Gives to the ground his trusted grain,
With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes,
And claims the ripe autumnal gold,
The meed of toil, of industry the prize;
For our's the King, who boasts a parent's praise,
Whose hand the people's sceptre sways:

Our's is the senate, not a specious name,
Whose active plans pervade the civil frame,
Where bold debate its noblest war displays,
And in the kindling strife unlocks the tide
Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

VI.

Hence then, each vain complaint! away,
Each captious doubt and cautious fear!
Nor blast the new-born year,

That anxious waits the spring's slow-shooting ray,
Nor deem, that Albion's honours cease to bloom!

With candid glance th'impartial Muse,
Invok'd on this auspicious morn,
The present scans, the distant scene pursues,
And breaks opinion's speculative gloom.
Interpreter of ages yet unborn,
Full right she spells the characters of fate,
That Albion still shall keep her wonted state,
Still in eternal glory shine
Of victory the sea-beat shrine,
The source of every splendid art,
Of old, of future worlds the universal mart.

Warton.

To Mr. Dryden.

On his Poem: Absalon and Achitophel.

I thought (forgive my sin) the boasted fire
Of poets' souls did long ago expire,
Of folly or of madness did accuse
The wretch, that thought himself possess'd with Muse,
Laugh'd at the god within, that did inspire

With more than human thoughts the tuneful quire :
But sure, 'tis more than fancy, or the dream
Of rhimers, slumbring by the Muses' stream.
Some livelier spark of heav'n, and more refin'd
From earthly dross, fills the great poet's mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal lines,
Through each of which th'informing genius shines,
Scarce a diviner flame inspir'd the king,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing,
Not David's self could in a nobler verse
His gloriously offending son rehearse,
Tho' in his breast the prophet's fury met,
The father's fondness and the poet's wit.

Here all consent in wonder and in praise,
And to the unknown poet altars raise,
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
As when Aeneas heard the wars of Troy,
Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,
Extoll'd with wonder by the Tyrian queen.
Sure, thou already art secure of fame,
Nor want'st new glories, to exalt thy name :
What father else would have refus'd, to own
So great a son as god-like Absalon ?

Duke.

The modern fine Gentleman.

Just broke from school, pert, impudent and raw,
 Expert in latin, more expert in law,
 His Honour posts o'er Italy and France,
 Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance.
 Thence having quick through various countries flown,
 Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
 He back returns, a thing, so strange all o'er,
 As never ages past produc'd before,
 A monster of such complicated worth,
 As no one single clime could e'er bring forth,
 Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
 Half fiddler, coachman, dancer, groom and cook.

Next, because bus'ness now is all the vogue,
 And who'd be quite polite, must be a rogue,
 In parliament he purchases a seat,
 To make th' accomplish'd gentleman compleat.
 There, safe in self-sufficient impudence,
 Without experience, honesty or sense,
 Unknowing in her int'rest, trade or laws,
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause:
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,
 Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,

Though shallow, muddy, brisk, though mighty dull,
Fierce without strength, o'erflowing, though not full.

Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,
His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,
The liberty of Britain he supports,
And storms at placemen, ministers and courts:
Now in crop'd greasy hair and leather - breeches
He loudly bellows out his patriot-speeches,
King, lords and commons ventures to abuse,
Yet dares to shew those ears, he ought to lose.

From hence to White's our virtuous Cato flies,
There fits with countenance erect and wise,
And talks of games, of whist and pig-tail-pies,
Plays all the night, nor doubts, each law to break,
Himself unknowingly has help'd to make,
Trembling and anxious stakes his utmost groat,
Peeps o'er his cards, and looks, as if he thought,
Next morn disowns the losses of the night,
Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics and cards,
Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women he regards;

So far is every virtue from his heart,
 That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part:
 Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move
 His soul to friendship, tendernefs or love,
 To Figg and Broughton he commits his breast,
 To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,
 Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend,
 Infensible to all, that's good or kind,
 Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind,
 For love too busy, and for wit too grave,
 A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave,
 By little actions striving to be great,
 And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,
 That, as his fame improves, his rents grow less,
 On parchment - wings his acres take their flight,
 And his unpeopled groves admit the light.
 With his estate his interest too is done:
 His honest borough seeks a warmer fun.
 For him now cash and liquor flows no more:
 His independent voters cease to roar,

And Britain soon must want the great defence
Of all his honesty and eloquence,
But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
For public liberty, than for his own,
Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone,
And boldly, when his country is at stake,
Braves the deep yawning gulf, like Curtius, for its
fate.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,
But seeks preferment, as the last resort,
Cringes each morn at leve'es, bows at court,
And from the hand, he hates, implores support.
The minister, well pleas'd, at small expence
To silence so much rude impertinence,
With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,
And on the venal list enroll'd he stands.
A riband and a pension buy the slave:
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave,
And now arriv'd at his meridian glory,
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory.
Of independence now he talks no more,
Nor shakes the senate with his patriot-roar,
But silent votes, and with court-trappings hung,
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.

In craft political a bankrupt made,
 He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade,
 Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,
 And grows, in short, the very thing, he wou'd,
 Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes
 spent,
 And lends them ready cash at cent per cent,
 Lays wagers on his own and others lives,
 Fights uncles, fathers, grand-mothers and wives,
 'Till death at length, indignant, to be made
 The daily subject of his sport and trade,
 Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,
 And, groaning for the bets, he loses by't, he dies.

The modern fine Lady.

Skill'd in each art, that can adorn the fair,
 The spright dance and the soft Italian air,
 The tofs of quality and high-bred fleer,
 Now Lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year.
 Wing'd with diversions, all her moments flew.

Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new:
Breakfasts and auctions wear the morn away,
Each evening gives an opera or a play:
Then Brag's eternal joys all night remain,
And kindly usher in the morn again.

For love no time has she or inclination,
Yet must coquet it for the sake of fashion.
For this she listens to each fop, that's near,
Th'embroider'd col'nel flatters with a sneer,
And the cropt ensign nuzzles in her ear:
But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire
Th'ambitions bosom of the landed 'squire,
Who fair would quit plump Dolly's softer charms
For wither'd, lean Right-Honourable arms.
He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,
And treats her, as if sprung from race divine,
Which she returns with insolence and scorn,
Nor deigns to smile on a plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards and lovers crost,
Her fortune, health and reputation lost,
Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid,
Her fame, yet she still damn'd, to be a maid,
Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung,
She weeps, if but a handsome thief is hung,
By mecers, lacemen, mantua-makers prefs'd,
But most for ready cash, for play distressed,

Where can she turn? — the 'squire must all repair:
 She condescends to listen to his pray'r,
 And marries him at length in mere despair.

But soon th'endearments of a husband cloy,
 Her soul, her frame incapable of joy:
 She feels no transports in the bridal bed,
 Of which so oft sh'as heard, so much has read.
 Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd alone,
 To seek invain this philosophic stone,
 To abler tutors she resolves t'apply,
 A prostitute from curiosity.
 Hence men of every sort and every size,
 Impatient for heav'n's cordial drop, she tries,
 The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,
 The ruddy templar newly on the town,
 Th' Hibernian captain of gigantic make,
 The brimful parson and th'exhausted rake.

But still malignant fate her wish denies:
 Cards yield superior joys—to cards she flies.
 All night from rout to rout her chairmen run:
 Again she plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws!
 Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws,
 Seize jewels, furniture and plate, nor spare
 The gilded chariot or the tassel'd chair:

For lonely feat she's forc'd to quit the town,
And Tubbs conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the stones of Tyburn-road,
Ne'er press'd with a more griev'd or guilty load,
She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,
And envies every cinder-wench, she meets.
And now the dreaded country first appears:
With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears
Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,
Then starts and trembles at the sight of trees.
Silent and fullen, like some captive queen,
She's drawn along, unwilling to be seen,
Untill at length appears the ruin'd hall
Within the grass-green moat and ivy'd wall,
The doleful prison, where for ever she,
But not, alas! her griefs, must bury'd be.

Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet:
Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,
And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,
While bells her ears with tongues discordant grate,
Types of the nuptial ties, they celebrate:
But no rejoicings can unbend her brow,
Nor deigns she, to return one awkward bow,
But bounces in, disdaining once to speak,
And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now

Now see her in the sad decline of life
 A peevish mistress and a sulky wife,
 Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale
 With many a real, many a fancy'd ail,
 Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,
 Her insolence and title only left,
 Severely humbled to her one-horse-chair
 And the low pastimes of a country-fair,
 Too wretched, to endure one lonely day,
 Too proud, one friendly visit to repay,
 Too indolent, to read, too criminal, to pray.
 At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,
 Shunning and shunn'd by all of human kind,
 Ev'n robb'd of the last comfort of her life,
 Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,
 Pride, disappointed pride now stops her breath,
 And with true scorpion-rage she flings herself to
 death.

S e l i m,

or the Shepherd's Moral. Scene a Valley near
 Bagdad. Time the Morning.

Ye Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
 And hear, how shepherds pass their golden days!

Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all, that haunt the plains.
Well may your hearts believe the truths, I tell:
'Tis virtue, makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd,
Nor praise, but such, as truth bestow'd, desir'd.
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd-maid,
Or taught the swains, that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin-bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away,
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Ye Persian dames, he said, to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song;
No fairer maids, I trust, than you, are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around.

The morn, that lights you, to your loves supplies
 Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes:
 For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
 And yours the love, that kings delight to know.
 Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
 The best kind blessings, heaven can grant the fair!
 Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
 Boast but the worth, Bassora's pearls display:
 Drawn from the deep, we own their surface bright,
 But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
 Such are the maids, and such the charms, they boast,
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
 Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe invain,
 That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain,
 Or hope, a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermin beautify the skin.
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
 Each softer virtue, that adorns the fair,
 Each tender passion, man delights to find,
 The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

Blest were the days, when wisdom held her reign,
 And shepherds fought her on the silent plain:
 With truth she wedded in the secret grove,
 Immortal truth, and daughters bless'd their love.

O haste, fair maids! ye virtues, come away!
Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.

Loft to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts, as limpid springs, are
clear,
To lead the train, sweet modesty, appear!
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid,
But man the most — not more the mountain-doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers, that drink the dew:
A filken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But faith, whose heart is fixt on one alone,
Desponding meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
And friendly pity, full of tender sighs,
And love the last: by these your hearts approve;
These are the virtues, that must lead to love.

Thus sung the swain, and ancient legends say,
 The maids of Bagdad verified the lay.
 Dear to the plains, the virtues came along:
 The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.

Collins.

Cupid, Hymen and Plutus.

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
 Employ'd the lesser powers of love,
 Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
 Some give the taper-shaft its wing,
 Or turn the polish'd quiver's mold,
 Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care
 Thus Hymen with assuming air
 Address the god. Thou purblind chit
 Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
 If matches are no better made,
 At once I must forswear my trade;

You send me such ill-coupled folks,
 That 'tis a shame, to sell them yokes.
 They squabble for a pin, a feather,
 And wonder, how they came together.
 The husband's fullen, dogged, shy,
 The wife grows flippant in reply:
 He loves command and due restriction,
 And she as well likes contradiction.
 She never slavishly submits,
 She'll have her will, or have her fits:
 He this way tugs, she th'other draws,
 The man grows jealous, and with cause;
 Nothing can save him but divorce,
 And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the boy, had I to do
 With either your affairs or you?
 I never idly spend my darts:
 You trade in mercenary hearts,
 For settlements the lawyer's feed:
 Is my hand witness to the deed?
 If they like cat and dog agree,
 Go, rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said: 'tis true,
 In marriage, gold is all their view;
 They seek not beauty, wit or sense,
 And love is seldom the pretence.
 All offer incense at my shrine,
 And I alone the bargain sign.
 How can Belinda blame her fate?
 She only ask'd a great estate.
 Doris was rich enough, 'tis true,
 Her lord must give her title too,
 And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
 A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
 Must still be coupled with its cares.

Gay.

Ode for the year 1705.

I.

Janus, did ever to thy wond'ring eyes
So bright a scene of triumph rise?
Did ever Greece or Rome such laurels wear,
As crown'd the last auspicious year?
When first at Blenheim Anne her ensign spread,
And Marlborough to the field the shouting squadrons
led,
Invain the hills and streams oppose,
Invain the hollow ground in faithless hillocks rose;
To the rough Danube's winding shore
His shatter'd foes the conqu'ring hero bore.

II.

They see with staring haggard eyes
The rapid torrent roll, the foaming billows rise:
Amaz'd, aghast, they turn, but find
In Marlborough's arms a surer fate behind:
Now his red sword aloft impends,
Now on their shrinking heads descends:
Wild and distracted with their fears,
They jostling plunge amidst the sounding deeps:
The flood away the struggling squadrons sweeps,

And men and arms and horses whirling bears.
 The frightened Danube to the sea retreats,
 The Danube soon the flying ocean meets,
 Flying the thunder of great Anna's fleets.

III.

Rooke on the seas asserts her sway,
 Flames o'er the trembling ocean play,
 And clouds of smoke involve the day.
 Affrighted Europe hears the cannons rore,
 And Africk echoes from its distant shore.
 The French, unequal in the fight,
 In force superiour, take their flight.
 Factions invain the hero's worth decry,
 Invain the vanquish'd triumph, while they fly.

IV.

Now, Janus, with a future view
 The glories of her reign survey,
 Which shall o'er France her arms display,
 And kingdoms now her own subdue.
 Lewis, for oppression born,
 Lewis in his turn shall mourn,
 While his conquer'd happy swains

Shall hug their easy wish'd-for chains,
 Others enslav'd by victory
 Their subjects as their foes oppress:
 Anna conquers but to free,
 And governs but to bless.

Smith.

The Poetry-Professors.

Old England has not lost her pray'r,
 And George the good has got an heir,
 A royal babe, a prince of Wales.
 Poets! I pity all your nails —
 What reams of paper will be spoil'd!
 What graduses be daily foil'd
 By inky fingers, greasy thumbs,
 Hunting the word, that never comes!

Now Academics pump their wits,
 And lash invain their lazy tits:
 Invain they whip and lash and spur,
 The callous jades will never stir,

Nor can they reach Parnassus' hill,
 Try every method, which they will,
 Nay, should the tits get on for once,
 Each rider is so grave a dunce,
 That, as I've heard good judges say,
 It's ten to one, they'd lose their way,
 Tho' not one wit bestrides the back
 Of useful drudge, ycleped hack,
 But fine bred things of mettled blood,
 Pick'd from Apollo's royal stud,
 Greek, Roman, nay Arabian steeds,
 Or those, our mother-country breeds,
 Some ride ye in, and ride ye out,
 And to come home, go round about,
 Nor on the green sward, nor the road,
 And that, I think, they call an ode.
 Some take the pleasant country-air,
 And smack their whips, and drive a pair,
 Each horse with bells which chink and chime,
 And so they march — and that is rhyme,
 Some copy with prodigious skill
 The figures of a butter-bill,
 Which with great folks of erudition
 Shall pass for Coptic or Phenician,
 While some, as patriot-love prevails,
 To compliment a prince of Wales,

Salute the royal babe in Welsh,
And fend forth gutturals like a belch.

What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The Pagan gods shall visit earth,
To triumph in a Christian's birth,
While classic poets, pure and chaste
Of trim and academic taste,
Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,
To be or speakers or beholders.
Mars shall present him with a lance,
To humble Spain and conquer France:
The Graces, buxom, blithe and gay,
Shall at his cradle dance the hay,
And Venus, with her train of Loves,
Shall bring a thousand pair of doves,
To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak
Through all the dialects of Greek.
How many swains of classic breed
Shall deftly tune their oaten reed,
And bring their Doric nymphs to town,
To sing their measures up and down
In notes alternate, clear and sweet,
Like ballad-fingers in a street,

While those, who grasp at reputation
 From imitating imitation,
 Shall hunt each cranny, nook and creek
 For precious fragments in the Greek,
 And rob the spital and the waste
 For sense and sentiment and taste!

What Latin hodge-podge, Grecian hash,
 With Hebrew roots and English trash,
 Shall academic cooks produce
 For present show and future use!
 Fellows, who've foak'd away their knowledge
 In sleepy residence at college,
 Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,
 Muddy and placid, dull and cool,
 Mere drinking, eating, eating, drinking,
 With no impertinence of thinking,
 Who lack no farther erudition,
 Than just to set an imposition,
 To cramp, demolish and dispirit
 Each true-begotten child of merit,
 Cenfors, who in the day's broad light
 Punish the vice, they act at night,
 Whose charity with self begins,
 Nor covers others' venial sins,

But that their feet may safely tread,
 Take up hypocrisy instead,
 As knowing that must always hide
 A multitude of sins beside,
 Whose rusty wit is at a stand
 Without a freshman at their hand,
 (Whose service must of course create
 The just return of sevenfold hate)
 Lord! that such good and useful men
 Should ever turn to books agen?

Yet matter must be gravely plann'd,
 And syllables on fingers scann'd,
 And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
 'Till Lady Muse is gone to-bed.
 What hunting, changing, toiling, sweating,
 To bring the useful epithet in!

Where the cramp measure kindly shews,
 It will be verse, but should be prose.
 So, when 'tis neither light nor dark,
 To 'prentice spruce, or lawyer's clerk
 The nymph, who takes her nightly stand
 At some sly corner in the strand,

Plump in the chest, tight in the boddice,
 Seems to the eye a perfect goddess,
 But canvass'd more minutely o'er,
 Turns out an old, stale, batter'd whore.

Yet must these sons of gowned ease,
 Proud of the plumage of degrees,
 Forfake their apathy a while,
 To figure in the Roman stile,
 And offer incense at the shrine
 Of Latin poetry divine.

Upon the throne the goddess sits,
 Surrounded by her bulky wits,
 Fabricius, Cooper, Calepine,
 Ainsworthus, Faber, Constantine,
 And he, who like Dodona spoke
 De sacra quercu, Holyoake.
 These are her counsellors of state,
 Men of much words, and wits of weight.
 Here Gradus, full of phrases clever,
 Lord of her treasury for ever,
 With lib'ral hand his bounty deals,
 Sir Cento, keeper of the seals:

Next to the person of the queen,
 Old Madam Profody is seen,
 Talking incessant, altho' dumb,
 Upon her fingers to her thumb.

And all around her portraits hung
 Of heroes in the Latin tongue,
 Italian, English, German, French,
 Who most laboriously entrench
 In deep parade of language dead,
 What would not in their own be read,
 Without impeachment of that taste,
 Which Latin idiom turns to chaste.
 Santolius here, whose flippant joke
 Sought refuge in a Roman cloak,
 With dull Commirius at his side,
 In all the pomp of Jesuit-pride
 Menage, the pedant, figur'd there,
 A trifler with a solemn air,
 And there in loose unseemly view
 The graceless easy Loveling too.

'Tis here, grave poets urge their claim
 For some thin blast of tiny fame,

Here

Here bind their temples, drunk with praise,
With half a sprig of wither'd bays.

O poet, if that honour'd name
Befits such idle childish aim,
If Virgil ask thy sacred care,
If Horace charm thee, oh! forbear,
To spoil with sacrilegious hand
The glories of the classic land,
Nor sow thy dowlas on the fattin
Of their pure uncorrupted Latin!
Better be native in thy verse. —
What is Fingal but genuine Erse,
Which all sublime sonorous flows,
Like Harvey's thoughts in drunken prose?

Hail, Scotland, hail! to thee belong
All powr's, but most the powr's of song;
Whether the rude unpolish'd Erse
Stalk in the buckram prose or verse,
Or bonny Ramsay please thee mo',
Who sang sae sweetly aw his woe.
If ought, and say, who knows so well,
The second sighted Muse can tell,

The happy lairds shall laugh and sing,
 When England's genius droops his wing.
 So shall thy foil new wealth disclose,
 So thy own thistle choak the rose.

But what comes here? methinks, I see
 A walking university.
 See, how they press, to cross the Tweed,
 And strain their limbs with eager speed,
 While Scotland from her fertile shore
 Cries: on, my sons, return no more!

Hither they haste with willing mind,
 Nor cast one longing look behind,
 On ten-toe carriage, to salute
 The King and Queen and Earl of Bute.
 No more the gallant northern sons
 Spout forth their strings of Latin puns,
 Nor course all languages to frame,
 The quibble suited to their name,
 As when their ancestors be vers'd,
 That glorious Stuart, James the first,
 But with that elocution's grace,
 That oriental flashy lace,

Which the fam'd Irish Tommy Puff
 Would sow on sentimental stuff,
 'Twang with a sweet pronunciation
 The flow'rs of bold imagination.
 Macpherson leads the flaming van,
 Laird of the new Fingalian clan,
 While Jackey Home brings up the rear
 Wit new - got pension, neat and clear,
 Three hundred English pounds a - year.
 Whilst sister - Peg, our ancient friend,
 Sends Mac's and Donald's without end,
 To George a while they tune their lays,
 Then all their choral voices raise,
 To heap their panegyric wit on
 Th' illustrious chief and our North-Briton.

Hail to the Thane, whose patriot-skill
 Can break all nations to his will,
 Master of sciences and arts,
 Mecenas to all men of parts,
 Whose fost'ring hand and ready wit
 Shall find us all in places fit!
 So shall thy friends no longer roam,
 But change to meet a settled home.
 Hail, mighty Thane, for Scotland born,
 To fill her almost empty horn!

Hail to thy ancient glorious Stem,
Not they from Kings, but Kings from them!

Churchill.

The adventurous Muse.

I.

Urania takes her morning-flight
With an inimitable wing:
Thro' rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day,
Nor Rapin*) gives her rules to fly, nor Purcel†) notes
to sing.

II.

She nor inquires, nor fears,
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th'ingulfing
sand:

Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
She meets descending angels, as she flies,
Nor asks them, where their country lies,

*) A French critick.

†) An English master of musick.

Or where the seamarks stand:
 Touch'd with an empyreal ray,
 She springs unerring upward to eternal day,
 With bold and safe attempt to the celestial land.

III.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
 With humble toil in order creep,
 Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
 Nor venture thro' the boundless deep,
 (Such low pretending souls are they,
 Who dwell in enclos'd solid orbs of scull)
 Plodding along their sober way,
 The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
 While the poor lab'ers sweat, to be correctly dull.

IV.

Give me the chariot, whose diviner wheels
 Mark their own route, and unconfin'd
 Bound o'er the everlasting hills,
 And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars behind:
 Give me the Muse, whose gen'rous force,
 Impatient of the reigns,
 Pursues an unattempted course,

Breaks all the critick's iron-chains,
And bears to paradise the raptur'd mind.

There Milton dwells : the mortal sung
Themes, not presum'd by any mortal tongue.
New terrours or new glories shine
In ev'ry page, and flying scenes divine
Surprise the wond'ring sense, and draw our souls along.
Behold his Muse, sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep, where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night, unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown
Thro' fields of heav'nly war and seraphs overthrown,
Where his advent'rous genius led:
Sov'reign she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living, nor the dead.
The noble hater of degen'rate thyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupl'd sounds to climb:
He mourn'd the garden lost below;
(Earth is the scene for tuneful wo.)
Now blifs beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains,
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrivall'd strains.

VI.

Immortal bard! thus thy own Raphael sings,
 And knows no rule but native fire.
 All heav'n sits silent, while to his sov'reign strings
 He talks unutterable things:
 With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
 Across the golden lyre:
 From ev'ry note devotion springs,
 Rapture and harmony and love
 O'erspread the list'ning choir.

Watts.

The two Springs, a Fable.

Two sister-springs, from the same parent-hill
 Born on the same propitious day,
 Thro' the cleft rock distil,
 Adown the rev'rend mountain's side
 Thro' groves of myrtle glide,
 Or thro' the violet-beds obliquely stray.
 The laurel, each proud victor's crown,
 From them receives her high renown:

From them the curling vine
Her clusters big with racy wine :
To them her oil the peaceful olive owes :
And her vermilion blush the rose :
The gracious streams in smooth meanders flow,
To ev'ry thirsty root dispense
Their kindly-cooling influence,
And paradise adorns the mountain's brow,
But oh! the sad effect of pride!
These happy twins at last divide.
„ Sister, “ exclaims th' ambitious spring,
„ What profit do these labours bring?
„ Always to give, and never to enjoy,
„ A fruitless and a mean employ!
„ Stay here inglorious, if you please,
„ And loiter out a life of indolence and ease!
„ Go, humble drudge, each thistle rear,
„ And nurse each shrub, your daily care,
„ While, pouring down from this my lofty source,
„ I deluge all the plain!
„ No dams shall stop my course,
„ And rocks oppose invain.
„ See, where my foaming billows flow,
„ Above the hills my waves aspire,

„ The shepherds and their flocks retire,
 „ And tallest cedars, as they pass, in sign of homage bow.
 „ To me each tributary spring
 „ Its supplemental stores shall bring:
 „ With me the rivers shall unite,
 „ The lakes beneath my banners fight,
 „ Till the proud Danube and the Rhine
 „ Shall own their fame eclips'd by mine.
 „ Both gods and men shall dread my wat'ry fway,
 „ Nor these in cities safe, nor in their temples they.“

Away the haughty boaster flew,
 Scarce bade her sister-stream a cool adieu:
 Her waves grow turbulent and bold,
 Not gently murm'ring as of old,
 But roughly dash against the shore,
 And toss their spumy heads, and proudly roar.
 The careful farmer with surprise
 Sees the tumultuous torrent rise:
 With busy looks the rustic band appear,
 To guard their growing hopes, the promise of the year.
 All hands unite: with dams they bound
 The rash rebellious stream around.
 Invain she foams, invain she raves,
 Invain she curls her feeble waves:

Besieg'd at last on ev'ry side,
 Her source exhausted and her channel dry'd,
 (Such is the fate of impotence and pride)
 A shallow pond she stands confin'd,
 The refuge of the croaking kind.
 Rushes and fags, an inbred foe,
 Choke up the muddy pool below:
 The tyrant sun on high
 Exacts his usual subsidy,
 And the poor pittance, that remains,
 Each gaping cranny drains.
 Too late the fool repents her haughty boast,
 A nameless nothing, in oblivion lost.

Her sister-spring, benevolent and kind,
 With joy sees all around her blest:
 The good, she does, into her gen'rous mind
 Returns again with interest.
 The farmer oft' invokes her aid,
 When Sirius nips the tender blade:
 Her streams a sure elixir bring,
 Gay plenty decks the fields, and a perpetual spring.
 Where'er the gard'ner smooths her easy way,
 Her ductile streams obey:
 Courteous she visits ev'ry bed,

Narcissus rears his drooping head,
 By her diffusive bounty fed:
 Reviv'd from her indulgent urn,
 Sad Hyacinth forgets to mourn:
 Rich in the blessings, she bestows,
 All nature smiles, where'er she flows.
 Enamour'd with a nymph so fair,
 See, where the river-gods appear.
 A nymph, so eminently good,
 The joy of all the neighbourhood,
 They clasp her in their liquid arms,
 And riot in th' abundance of her charms.
 Like old Alpheus fond, their wanton streams they
 join'd,
 Like Arethusa she, as lovely and as kind.

Now swell'd into a mighty flood
 Her channel deep and wide,
 Still she persists in doing good,
 Her bounty flows with ev'ry tide.
 A thousand riv'lets in her train
 With fertile waves enrich the plain:
 The scaly herd, a num'rous throng,
 Beneath her silver-billows glide along,
 Whose still-increasing shoals supply

The poor man's wants, the great one's luxury,
Here all the feather'd troops retreat,
Securely ply their oary feet,
Upon her floating herbage graze,
And with their tuneful notes resound her praise:
Here flocks and herds in safety feed,
And fatten in each flow'ry mead.
No beasts of prey appear,
The watchful shepherd to beguile,
No monsters of the deep inhabit here,
Nor the voracious shark, nor wily crocodile:
But Delia and her nymphs, chaste sylvan queen,
By mortals' prying eyes unseen,
Bathe in her flood, and sport upon her borders green.
Here merchants, careful of their store,
By angry billows tost,
Anchor secure beneath her shore,
And bless the friendly coast.
Soon mighty fleets in all their pride
Triumphant on her surface ride:
The busy trader on her banks appears,
An hundred diff'rent tongues she hears,
At last with wonder and surprise

She sees a stately city rise,
 With joy the happy flood admires,
 The lofty domes, the pointed spires,
 The porticoes, magnificently great,
 Where all the crowding nations meet:
 The bridges, that adorn her brow,
 From bank to bank their ample arches stride,
 Thro' which her curling waves in triumph glide,
 And in melodious murmurs flow.
 Now grown a port of high renown,
 The treasure of the world her own,
 Both Indies with their precious stores
 Pay yearly tribute to her shores,
 Honour'd by all, a rich well-peopled stream,
 Nor father Thames himself of more esteem.

M O R A L.

The pow'r of kings (if rightly understood)
 Is but a grant from heav'n of doing good.
 Proud tyrants, who maliciously destroy,
 And ride o'er ruins with malignant joy,
 Humbled in dust, soon to their cost shall know
 Heav'n our avenger, and mankind their foe,
 While gracious monarchs reap the good, they sow,
 Blessing, are blest'd. Far spreads their just renown,

Consenting nations their dominion own,
 And joyful happy crowds support their throne.
 Invain the pow'rs of earth and hell combine;
 Each guardian angel shall protect that line,
 Who by their virtues prove their right divine.

Somerville.

Ode to Mr. Gray.

Dear Gray! that always in my heart
 Possesses far the better part,
 What mean these sudden blasts, that rise,
 And drive the zephirs from the skies?
 O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
 And invoke the tardy May!

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,
 Bring all the Graces in thy train!
 With balmy breath and flow'ry tread
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
 Where, in Elysian slumber bound,
 Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round!
 Awake, in all thy glories drest,
 Recall the zephirs from the west!

Restore the sun, revive the skies,
At mine and Nature's call arise!
Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid,
The labours of Pomona fade:
A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee:
The birds forget to love and sing,
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide!
Create, where'er thou turn'st thy eye,
Peace, plenty, love and harmony,
Till ev'ry being share its part,
And heav'n and earth be glad at heart.

West.

A Case of Conscience, a Tale.

Old Paddy Scot with none of the best faces,

Had a most knotty pate at solving cases,

In any point could tell you to a hair,
 When was a grain of honesty to spare.
 It happen'd, after pray'rs one certain night
 At home he had occasion for a light,
 To turn Socinus, Lessius, Escobar,
 Fam'd Covarruvias and the great Navarre,
 And therefore, as he from the chapel came,
 Extinguishing a yellow taper's flame,
 By which just now he had devoutly pray'd,
 The useful remnant to his sleeve convey'd,
 There happen'd a physician to be by,
 Who thither came but only as a spy,
 To find out others' faults, but let alone
 Repentance for the crimes, that were his own.

This doctor follow'd Paddy, said „He lack'd
 „To know, what made a sacrilegious fact.“

Paddy with studious gravity replies,
 „That's, as the place or as the matter lies.
 „If from a place unfacred you should take
 „A facred thing, this sacrilege would make,
 „Or an unfacred thing from facred place,
 „There would be nothing diff'rent in the case:
 „But if both thing and place should facred be,
 „'Twere height of sacrilege, as doctors all agree.“

„Then,“ says the doctor, „for more light in this
 „To put a special case, were not amiss.

„Sup-

„Suppose, a man should take a common-pray'r
 „Out of a chapel, where there's some to spare?“

„A common-pray'r!“ says Paddy, „that would be
 „A sacrilege of an intense degree.“

„Suppose, that one should in these holydays
 „Take thence a bunch of rosemary or bays?“

„I 'd not be too censorious in that case,
 „But 'twould be sacrilege still from the place.“

„What if a man should from the chapel take
 „A taper's end, should he a scruple make,
 „If homeward to his chambers he should go?
 „Whether 'twere theft or sacrilege or no?“

The sly insinuation was perceiv'd:
 Says Paddy, „Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
 „Unless in cases you distinguish right:
 „But this may be resolv'd at the first fight.
 „As to the taper, it could be not theft,
 „For it had done its duty, and was left,
 „And sacrilege in having it is none,
 „Because that in my sleeve I now have one.“

King.

Delia, a Pastoral.

I.

The gentle swan with graceful pride
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver-tide
Divides the whisp'ring waves:

The silver-tide, that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird must be,
But not so sweet—blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

II.

A parent-bird in plaintive mood
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendent nest she view'd,
That held her callow young:

Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart
The genial brood must be,
But not so dear the thousandth part,
As Delia is to me.

III.

The roses, that my brow furround,
 Were natives of the dale,
 Scarce pluck'd and in a garland bound,
 Before their sweets grew pale.

My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.

IV.

Two doves I found like new-falln snow,
 So white the beauteous pair:
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow;
 They're like her bosom fair.

When in their chaste connubial love
 My secret wish she'll see,
 Such mutual blifs, as turtles prove,
 May Delia sharē with me!

Cunningham.

L o v e's D e i t y.

I long to talk with some old lover's ghost,
 Who dy'd, before the god of love was born:
 I cannot think, that he, who then lov'd most,
 Sunk so low, as to love one, which did scorn:
 But since this god produc'd a destiny,
 And that vice-nature custom lets it be,
 I must love her, that loves not me.

Sure, they, which made him god, meant not so much,
 Nor he in his young godhead practis'd it:
 But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
 His office was, indulgently to fit
 Actives to passives; correspondency
 Only his subject was: it cannot be
 Love, till I love her, that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
 His vast prerogative as far as Jove:
 To rage, to lust, to write to, to commend,
 All is the purlewe of the god of love.
 Oh! were we waken'd by this tyranny,
 T' ungod this child again, it could not be,
 I should love her, who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheist too, why murmur I,
 As tho' I felt the worst, that love could do?
 Love may make me leave loving, or might try
 A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
 Which, since she loves before, I 'm loth to see,
 Falshood is worse than hate, and that must be,
 If she, whom I love, should love me.

Donne

To a Lady, sitting before her Glass.

I.

So smooth and clear the fountain was,
 In which his face Narcissus spy'd,
 When, gazing in that liquid glass,
 He for himself despair'd and dy'd:
 Nor, Chloris, can you safer see
 Your own perfection here, than he.

II.

The lark before the mirror plays,
 Which some deceitful swain has set:
 Pleas'd with herself, she fondly stays,

To die deluded in the net:
Love may such frauds for you prepare,
Yourself the captive and the snare.

III.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review
Those graces, op'ning in their bloom,
Think, how disease and age pursue,
Your riper glories to consume:

Then, sighing, you will wish, your glass
Could shew to Chloris, what she was.

IV.

Let pride no more give Nature law,
But free the youth, your pow'r enslaves:
Her form, like your's, bright Cynthia saw
Reflected on the crystal waves,
Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleasure of Endymion's love.

V.

No longer let your glass supply
Too just an emblem of your breast,

Where oft' to my deluded eye
 Love's image has appear'd impress'd,
 But play'd so lightly on your mind,
 It left no lasting print behind.

Fenton.

The Friend.

An Epistle to Aaron Hill, Esq.

O my lov'd Hill! o thou, by heav'n design'd,
 To charm, to mend and to adorn mankind!
 To thee my hopes, fears, joys and sorrows tend,
 Thou brother, father, nearer yet! — thou friend!

If worldly friendships of cement divide,
 As int'rests vary, or as whims preside,
 If leagues of lux'ry borrow friendship's light,
 Or leagues subversive of all social right,
 O say, my Hill! in what propitious sphere
 Gain we the friend, pure, knowing and sincere?
 'Tis, where the worthy and the wise retire,
 There wealth may learn its use, may love inspire,
 There may young worth the noblest end obtain,
 In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain,
 In knowledge bliss; for wisdom virtue finds,
 And brightens mortal to immortal minds.

Kind then my wrongs, if love like your's succeed;
For you, like virtue, are a friend indeed.

 Oft', when you saw my youth-wild error, know,
Reproof, soft hinted, taught the blush to glow.
Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
Just smil'd, when faulty, and when mod'rate, prais'd.
Me shunn'd, me ruin'd, such a mother's rage!
You sung, till pity wept o'er ev'ry page.
You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame:
Yet, yet th' obdurate mother felt no shame.
Pierc'd as I was, your counsel soften'd care,
To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.
The man, who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth, that heals.
Welcome the wound, when blest'd with such relief!
For deep is felt the friend, when felt in grief.

 From you shall never, but with life, remove
Aspiring genius, condescending love.
When some with cold superior looks redress,
Relief seems insult, and confirms distress.
You, when you view the man with wrongs besieg'd,
While warm you act, th' obliger seems th' oblig'd.

 All-winning, mild to each of lowly state,
To equals free, unservile to the great,
Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in ev'ry rank admir'd.
Greatness you scorn, when titles insult speak,

Proud to vain pride, to honour'd meekness meek.
 That worthless bliss, which others court, you fly,
 That worthy woe, they shun, attracts your eye.

But shall the Muse resound alone your praise?
 No — let the public friend exalt her lays!
 O trace that friend with me! — he's your's! — he's mine! —
 The world's! — beneficent behold him shine!

Is wealth his sphere? If riches, like a tide,
 From either India pour their golden pride,
 Rich in good works, him others' wants employ;
 He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy.
 To orphans, pris'nors shall his bounty flow,
 The weeping family of want and woe.

Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
 In leisure active, and in care sedate,
 What aid his little wealth perchance denies,
 In each hard instance his advice supplies.
 With modest truth he sets the wand'ring right,
 And gives religion pure primeval light,
 In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,
 The lib'ral emblem of his Maker's mind.

Is pow'r his orb? He then, like pow'r divine,
 On all, tho' with a varied ray, will shine.
 Ere pow'r was his, the men, he once carest,
 Meets the same faithful smile and mutual breast:
 But asks his friend some dignity of state,

His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight,
 Asks it a stranger, one, whom parts inspire
 With all, a people's welfare would require,
 His choice admits no pause; his gift will prove
 All private well absorb'd in public love.
 He shields his country, when for aid she calls,
 Or, should she fall, with her he greatly falls:
 But as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
 Spread slav'ry, death and desolation round,
 Should e'er his country for dominion's prize
 Against the sons of men a faction rise,
 Glory in her's is in his eye disgrace,
 The friend of truth, the friend of human race.

Thus to no one, no sect, no clime confin'd,
 His boundless love embraces all mankind,
 And all their virtues in his life are known,
 And all their joys and sorrows are his own.

These are the lights, where stands that friend
 confest,
 This, this the spirit, which informs thy breast.
 Thro' fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can shine;
 What wouldst thou not, were wealth and greatness
 thine?

Savage.

Cupid's Review.

Cupid! survey thy shining train around
Of fav'rite nymphs, for conquest most renown'd,
The lovely warriors, that in bright array
Thy pow'r support, and propagate thy sway!
Then say, what beauteous general wilt thou chuse,
To lead the fair brigade against thy rebel foes?

Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd with his bow, his quiver by his side:
Inferior Cupids on their master wait:
He smiles well-pleas'd, and waves his wings in state:
His little hands imperial trophies bear,
And laurel-wreaths, to grace th' elected fair.

Hyde-Park the scene for the review he nam'd,
Hyde-Park, for pleasure and for beauty fam'd,
Where oft' from western skies the god of light
Sees new-arising suns, than his more bright,
Then sets in blushes, and conveys his fire
To distant lands, that more his beams require.

And now the charming candidates appear:
Behold Britannia's victor-Graces there,
Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
To love's pre-eminence and beauty's fame,
Some, who, at Anna's court in honour rais'd,
Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd,

Preserv'd in Kneller's pictures, ever young,
In strains immortal by the Muses sung!

Around the ring th' illustrious rivals move,
And teach to Love himself, the pow'r of love.
Scarce, tho' a god, he can with safety gaze
On glory so profuse, such mingled rays;
For Love had eyes on this important day,
And Venus from his forehead took the blinding-cloth
away.

Here Mira pass'd, and fix'd his wond'ring view:
Her perfect shape distinguish'd praises drew.
Tall, beauteous and majestic to the sight,
She led the train, and sparkled in the light.

There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her
eyes,

By which each day some new adorer dies.

Serena, by good humour doubly fair,
With native sweetness charms, and smiling air,
While Flora's youthful years and looks display
The bloom of rip'ning fruits, the innocence of May,
The op'ning sweets, that months of pleasure bring,
The dawn of love and life's indulgent spring.

'Twere endless, to describe the various darts,
With which the fair are arm'd, to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the ravish'd soul inspire
With tender thoughts, and animate desire,

All arts and virtues mingled in the train,
 And long the lovely rivals strove invain,
 While Cupid, unresolv'd, still search'd around the
 plain.

„O! could I find,“ said Love, „the phoenix - she,
 „In whom at once these sev'ral charms agree!
 „That phoenix-she the laurel-crown should have,
 „And Love himself with pride become her slave.“

He scarce had spoke, when, see! — Harmonia
 came :
 Chance brought her there, and not desire of fame,
 Unknowing of the choice, till she beheld
 The god approach, to crown her in the field.
 Th' unwilling maid with wondrous modesty
 Disclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by:
 Warm blushes on her tender cheeks arise,
 And double softness beautify'd her eyes.

At this, more charm'd, „The rather I bestow,“
 Said Love, „these honours you invain forego :
 „Take then the wreath, which you, victorious fair!
 „Have most deserv'd, yet least affect to wear!“

Hughes.

The Cookmaid, the Turnspit and the Ox.
To a Poor Man.

Consider man in ev'ry sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just.

I grant, that hunger must be fed,
That toil too earns thy daily bread.
What then? thy wants are seen and known:
But ev'ry mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless needy crew:
Show me the happier man, than you.

Adam, though blest above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw:
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law.
Thus fell our fire, and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.

When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread,

When altars to his name were drest,
That he was man, his tears confest.

The hopes of avarice are checkt :
The proud man always wants respect.
What various wants on pow'r attend ?
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain ?
He, barr'd from ev'ry use of wealth,
Envies the plowman's strength and health :
Another in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miseries of life :
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Embitter all his days with care.

This wants an heir, the line is lost :
Why was that vain entail engroft ?
Canst thou discern another's mind ?
What is't, you envy ? Envy's blind.
Tell envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want, what you enjoy.
The dinner must be dish'd at one :
Where's this vexatious turnspit gone ?

Unless the skulking cur is caught,
 The fir-loin's spoil'd, and I'm in fault.
 Thus said, (for, fure, you'll think it fit,
 That I the cook-maid's oaths omit)
 With all the fury of a cook,
 Her cooler kitchen Nan forlook,
 The broomstick o'er her head she waves,
 She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves:
 The sneaking cur before her flies,
 She whistles, calls, fair speech she tries,
 These nought avail, her choler burns,
 The fist and cudgel threat by turns:
 With hasty stride she presses near,
 He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.

Was ever cur so curs'd, she cry'd,
 What star did at my birth preside?
 Am I for life by compact bound,
 To tread the wheel's eternal round?
 Inglorious task! of all our race
 No slave is half so mean and base.
 Had fate a kinder lot assign'd,
 And form'd me of the lapdog-kind,
 I then, in higher life employ'd,
 Had indolence and ease enjoy'd,

And,

And, like a gentleman carest,
 Had been the lady's fav'rite guest.
 Or were I sprung from spaniel-line,
 Was his sagacious nostril mine,
 By me, their never-erring guide,
 From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,
 Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
 Had shar'd the pleasures of the chace.
 Endu'd with native strength and fire,
 Why call'd I not the lion fire?
 A lion! such mean views I scorn:
 Why was not I of woman born?
 Who dares with reason's pow'r contend?
 On man we brutal slaves depend:
 To him all creatures tribute pay,
 And luxury employs his day.

An ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
 And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.

Dare you at partial fate repine?
 How kind's your lot, compar'd with mine!
 Decreed to toil, the barb'rous knife
 Hath sever'd me from social life:
 Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
 I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:

'Tis mine, to tame the stubborn plain,
 Break the stiff soil, and house the grain:
 Yet I without a murmur bear
 The various labours of the year.
 But then consider, that one day
 (Perhaps the hour's not far away)
 You by the duties of your post
 Shall turn the spit, when I'm the roast,
 And for reward shall share the feast,
 I mean, shall pick my bones at least.

Till now, th' astonish'd cur replies,
 I look'd on all with envious eyes:
 How false we judge by what appears!
 All creatures feel their sev'ral cares.
 If thus you mighty beasts complain,
 Perhaps man knows superior pain.
 Let envy then no more torment:
 Think on the ox, and learn content.
 Thus said, close-following at her heel,
 With chearful heart he mounts the wheel.

Gay.

The Parsons, an Eclogue.

A small neat house and little spot of ground,
 Where herbs and fruits and kitchen-stuff were found,
 The humble vicar of North - Wilford blest.
 Small was his living — but his heart at rest:
 Unseen, unblam'd, he pass'd his time away;
 He smok'd, or wrote, or mus'd, or walk'd all day.
 Thro' all the year no anxious cares he knew,
 But just at Easter, when he claim'd his due,
 And then the surly rustic's churlish pride
 His well-earn'd tythes disputed, or deny'd.
 The vicar, still preferring want to strife,
 Gave up his dues, to lead a peaceful life.
 His garden once in pensive mood he sought,
 His pipe attended, as a friend to thought,
 And while the smoke in eddies round him play'd,
 A neighbouring vicar ent'ring he survey'd,
 One like himself, a downright honest priest,
 Whose scanty dues his love of peace decreas'd.

Suppose, the little ceremonies done,
 And all the rites of lighting pipes begun:
 Suppose, the whiffs in sober sort flow round,

And both in musing very deeply drown'd;
 For so it was — till thus the first good man
 Fetch'd a deep whiff, and anxiously began—

First PARSON.

Wou'd God, my friend, his goodness had assign'd
 Some lot, more suited to my feeling mind!
 Less tho' my income, if from torture free,
 Content wou'd well supply the loss to me;
 For all the pence, the little dues, I glean,
 Or raise my scorn, my pity, or my spleen.
 I'll tell thee—but e'en now a neighbour came,
 Pale want diffus'd o'er all his meagre frame:
 Five-pence the sum, he gave a shilling o'er,
 Kind shook his head, and wish'd, he cou'd do more.
 I turn'd away, nor cou'd from tears refrain;
 'Twas death, to take it—to refuse it, vain.

Second PARSON.

Such gentle manners more afflict the mind,
 Than the rough rudeness of the baser kind.
 Just, e're I came, a rustic braggart elf,
 Proud of his purse, and glorying in his pelf,
 Approach'd, and bold demanded, what to pay,

What claims the priest, whom we maintain to pray?
 Th' account, he gave me of his stock, I knew,
 Was half curtail'd, and scarce one number true:
 Howe'er my silence favour'd the deceit,
 And, fond of quiet, I conceal'd the cheat:
 Yet, when the small, the half demand I made,
 He bully'd, swore, and damn'd the preaching trade,
 All God's good household with irrev'ence curst,
 And me with foul abuse as far the worst.
 Thou know'st, my friend, what agonising smart
 Such brutal outrage gives a tender heart.

First PARSON.

Too well, alas! too fatally I know,
 From whence those complicated evils flow.
 From tythes, from tythes the clergy's woes arise:
 They mar religion, nay they rob the skies,
 Wou'd God! our monarch's ever-gracious hand
 In this wou'd deign to bless the wretched land:
 Wou'd God, the tythes like taxes might be paid,
 A fix'd revenue by some statute made!
 How then wou'd blest religion rear her head!
 How thro' each village kindly virtue spread!
 What souls with heav'nly comfort would be blest!
 How happy then parishioner and priest!

Thus of true grievances the priests repin'd,
 And with their own spoke all their brethren's mind,
 When toll'd the bell, and to the church slow move
 Six virgins, bearing one, who dy'd for love.
 The grave debate was silenc'd by the bell:
 The vicars rose, and kindly took farewell. —
 The first his sermon seeks, and hastes away,
 The last sad duties to the dead to pay.
 From love he much advis'd the youthful throng,
 Drew tears from all, and pleas'd, tho' preaching
 long,
 While slow his brother on his easy pad
 Pac'd home, full grave and ruminating sad.

Dodd.

Prize - Monody on the death of Mr. Garrick.

Dim sweeps the shower along the misty vale,
 And grief's low accents murmur in the gale.
 O'er the damp vase Horatio fighting leans,

And gazes absent on the faded scenes,
 And sorrow's gloom has veil'd each sprightly grace,
 That used, to revel in his Laura's face,
 When with sweet smiles her garlands gay she
 twin'd,
 And each light spray with roseat ribbons join'd.
 Dropt from her hand, the scatter'd myrtles lie,
 And lo! dark cypress meets the mournful eye.
 For thee, o Garrick! sighs from genius breathe,
 For thee sad beauty weaves the funeral wreath,

Shakespeare's great spirit in its cloudless blaze
 Led him unequal'd thro' th' inventive maze,
 'Midst the deep pathos of his melting themes,
 Thro' the light magic of his playful dreams.
 He caught the genuine humour, glowing there,
 Wit's vivid flash and cunning's sober leer,
 The strange distress, that fires the kindling brain
 Of feeble madness on the stormy plain,
 Or when pale youth in midnight's gloomy shade
 Pursues the steel-clad phantom thro' the glade,
 Or, starting from the couch with dire affright,
 When the crown'd murd'rer glares upon the sight
 In all the horrors of the guilty soul,
 Dark as the night, that wraps the frozen pole.

— Our subject passions own'd the sway complete,
And hail'd their Garrick as their Shakespeare great.

That voice, which poured its music on our ear,
Sweet as the songster of the vernal year,
Those grateful gestures — and that eye of fire,
With rage that flam'd, or melted with desire,
Awak'd the radiant joy in dimple sleek,
Or made the chilly blood forsake the cheek —
Where are they now? — Dark in the narrow cell
Insenate — shrunk — and still — an cold they
dwell,
A silence solemn and eternal keep,
Where neither love shall smile — nor anguish weep.

Breathe, genius, still the tributary sigh!
Still gush, ye liquid pearls, from beauty's eye!
With slacken'd strings suspend your harps, ye Nine,
While round his urn yon cypress wreath ye twine!
Then give his merits to your loudest fame,
And write in sun-bright lustre Garrick's name!

Miss Seward.

From a young Gentleman to his
Sister, on her birth-day.

How quick, alas! time slides away,

How soon the circling sun

Performs the business of a day,

How soon a year's is done!

Look forward, and how distant seems

A year as yet to come!

The human mind is pleas'd with dreams,

And pleasures ne'er its doom.

Look back, dear girl, from this birth-day,

And ev'ry scene review,

And thus to ev'ry pleasure say,

„Ye phantoms all, adieu!“

At least those worthless fleeting toys,

Which oft engross the mind,

And rob reflection's hoard of joys,

To truth alone confin'd.

Whene'er a solid blifs you knew,
Remark the happy day,
And ev'ry year that blifs review:
Thus keep your natal day.

So shall you find with ev'ry year
Increase of pleasing thought,
And thus you'll grow to all more dear,
With worth and goodness fraught,

As trees each coming year require
The pruner's skilfull hand,
So must each wand'ring fond desire
Be kept within command;

Left, mixing with a goodly kind,
The worthless branches shoot,
And as each vice pollutes the mind,
They *taint* the best of fruit.

Thus may you act, whilst here on earth
By heav'n you're doom'd, to stay,

And ev'ry year your day of birth
Recall'd a happy day.

As ev'ry hour does age increase,

May wisdom also grow,

And when the vital motions cease,

May heav'n your spirit know;

And send bright seraphs from above,

To waft your soul away

To scenes of peace and joy and love

And ever-lasting day.

Four Pastorals.

Morning.

Or Colinet and Damon.

Descend, ye Muses! tune the oaten reed,

And deeply sing on Glotta's *) fertile mead,

Whose happy swains blest liberty enjoy,

*) Clyde.

And, crown'd with plenty, rural toil employ.
 And thou, o R-ch-d-n! unrivall'd bard,
 On whom Apollo smiles with fond regard,
 Our lays accept, pride of the tuneful throng!
 And smile propitious on a stripling's song.

The early sun was scarcely yet in view,
 The rising plants were wet with crystal-dew,
 The winds were still, the azure welkin clear,
 And tuneful larks suspended in the air,
 When fleecy flocks two blithsome shepherd-swains
 Led forth, to feed on Glotta's blissful plains.
 They lean'd the while, and tun'd the mellow reed
 Beneath yon hawthorn's venerable shade
 On either side the hills responsive rung,
 As thus with glee the swains alternate sung.

COLINET.

Now Phoebus' beams yon eastern hills adorn,
 And feather'd warblers wake the purple morn:
 With music wild the vocal groves resound,
 And dappled flowers their odours shed around,
 And see, our lambkins o'er the dewy mead
 Within our ken, secure from danger, feed.

While thus reclin'd the daisy'd grafs among,
Attune your pipe, and cheer us with a song.

D A M O N.

I'll gladly join — but do you take the lead ;
You, Colinet, can best attune the reed.
Come, let us sing our ever-blooming fields,
And blest content, the happy cottage yields.
Lo! Daphnis hither leads his fleecy care:
Who sweetest sings, his judgment shall declare.

C O L I N E T.

Agreed — remote from clamour and debate,
From cities far, how blest the shepherd's state!
No fears alarm, no cares disturb our peace,
Our lives we spend in happiness and ease.

D A M O N.

Free from ambition and contentious strife,
From folly far, how blest a country-life!
To vice unknown, and heart-corroding care,
We view the beauties of the rising year,

And, while our younglings crop the flowery fields,
Enjoy the pleasure, sweet retirement yields.

COLINET.

Soon as the cock proclaims th' approaching day,
And eastern hills are clad in gold array,
No more our eyes are seal'd in balmy sleep:
Our cots we leave, and straight unfold our sheep,
And, whistling on our way, the bleaters lead,
To crop the grafs along the verdant mead.
'Tis pleasing then, to see our lambkins play,
To hear the warblers chant on ev'ry spray:
'Tis pleasing then, to breathe the morning- air,
And pipe and sing, devoid of anxious care.

DAMON.

Behold, around what pleasing prospects rise!
What goodly scenes attract our wond'ring eyes!
On nodding stalks o'er all th' enamell'd mead
The blooming flowers their painted foliage spread:
The limpid rills our list'ning ears assail
With gentle murmurs, winding through the vale:
The reverend oak a grateful shade displays,
A cool retreat from sol's incessant rays.

All nature strives, with ev'ry bliss replete,
 To enhance the pleasures of our happy state.

COLINET.

While thus reclin'd, how pleasing 'tis, to see
 Th' unwearied labouring of the busy bee!
 From plant to plant, from flower to flower he flies,
 And with the sweets he loads his little thighs.
 How pleasing 'tis, to see the thrifty ants,
 With care providing for their future wants!
 By such examples happy swains are taught,
 That honest industry's with blessings fraught.

DAMON.

Our bliss increases, Colinet, to see
 The peasants round us all as blithe as we.
 See, Hodge with pleasure o'er the ridges plods,
 And with his plough divides the yielding clods:
 See Doris, tripping down the wat'ry glade,
 In homely ruffet, yet with neatness clad,
 Her flowing gown tuck'd careful round her waist,
 And yellow hair with ribbons waving drest,
 Her gaudy necklace glaring light reflects,
 And rosy health adorns her glowing cheeks.

How pleasing 'tis, to hear her simple song,
 As o'er the field she smiling trips along,
 While cows, impatient, with full udders stand,
 And wait the stroking of her snowy hand!

COLINET.

And when at noon, their glowing sides to cool,
 The panting herds stand lowing in the pool,
 And bleating lambkins to the fresh retreat
 In clusters throng, to shun the parching heat,
 How blithe are we with maidens in the grove,
 Repeating all our simple tales of love!
 With sweetest flowers while we their crooks adorn,
 They for our favours dimpled smiles return:
 Our falt'ring tongues our wounded hearts proclaim,
 Their glowing cheeks confess the mutual flame.

DAMON.

How blithe at eve, when Phoebus shines askance
 O'er western hills, we join the mazy dance!
 The ruddy maidens, by their sweet-hearts led,
 With pleasure flaunt it o'er the dewy mead.
 Old Hodge with glee, while others pipe and sing,
 Directs his bow athwart each tuneful string:

We

We round him dance with joy and fond delight,
Till silent nature's wrapt in shadowy night.

DAPHNIS.

Ye jocund shepherds, fav'rites of the plain!
Your songs, more sweet than Philomela's strain,
With wit replete, so much your Daphnis please,
I cannot say, whose are the softest lays.
Long may ye both, dear to the nymphs and swains,
On Glotta's banks delight us with your strains.

Here stop'd the shepherds, and with curds and
cream

Refresh'd themselves, and drunk the crystal stream:
Pleas'd with their fate, again they join'd the lay,
And laugh'd and sung the sprightly hours away.

N o o n.
Or Corydon and Thyrsis.

CORYDON.

The mid-day sun now darts his vertic ray,
And neighbouring swains to cool recesses stray;
Let us secluded from the heat recline,
Beneath the shadow of this towering pine;
And, while in view our lambs disporting play,
Attune your reed, and pipe some sprightly lay.
Oft have I heard of Damon's wond'rous skill
In rural ditties, and the tuneful quill.
'Twas he, instructed you the piping art,
To cheer the swains, and win your Flora's heart
Give then a sample of his blithesome strains,
This varnish'd whistle shall reward your pains.

THYRSIS.

Small praise, I ween, is due my skill in song,
'Twas ne'er design'd to soothe the jocund throng;
But, now and then, a leisure hour to spend,
And cheer myself in absence of a friend:
Yet to my lips I'll now my reed apply,
And with my Corydon's request comply:
I'll sing you one, with sorrow deeply fraught,
The last sweet ditty, peerless Damon taught.

CORYDON.

Begin — I'll with attention watch our sheep,
And eye the goats on yonder craggy steep.

THYRSIS.

Far in a wild beneath a beechen shade,
Where silver Clyde winds down his oozy bed,
The fair Amanda, erst so blithe and gay,
At Daphne's side reclin'd, desponding lay.
Her bursting bosom heav'd with swelling sighs,
While tears unfeign'd ran streaming from her eyes.
Her sheep, unheeded, wander'd to and fro,
And vocal hills re-echoed all her woe.
Young Daphne, griev'd, to see the nymph distress'd,
In friendly strains her sympathy express'd.

„Lo, genial spring, in rosy garb array'd,
„Smiles on the hills, and paints th' enamell'd mead.
„Prolific soil now cheers the gladsome plain,
„And swells the fruit, and fills the bladed grain:
„On every spray the feather'd warblers sing,
„And all the groves with rural music ring:
„Our fleecy nibblers crop the clover field,

„Clyde's winding banks a goodly prospect yield :
 „The joyous May in all her pomp appears.
 „Then why these sighs, Amanda ? why these tears ?
 „Why all this grief ? — all this ill-season'd pain ?
 „Come, dear Amanda, to a friend explain.“

Silent and sad, she Daphne wistful ey'd,
 And thus anon with heaving sighs reply'd :

„O lead me, Daphne, to some desert shore,
 „Where to the rocks I may my fate deplore !
 „The gentle spring no more affords delight,
 „The dappling flowers are hateful to my sight :
 „Nor Glotta's banks, (where once, devoid of care,
 „I deffly sung throughout the varied year)
 „Nor blisful dales, where he meand'ring flows,
 „Can tears suppress, or soothe my endless woes.
 „My lambs (would, I were innocent as they)
 „Where-e'er they list, may for Amanda stray :
 „Nor hills, nor dales, nor frisking flocks can please.
 „A long farewell to happiness and ease !“

„You went, said Daphne, to be blithe and free,
 „You went, to cheer us with your mirth and glee :

„The jocund swains, charm'd with your pleasing song,
 „With joyful hearts around you us'd to throng,
 „And on their pipes, to join your chorus, play.
 „Wherefore this change, my dear Amanda, say?
 „What lies so heavy at your throbbing heart,
 „Amanda, tell? — to me your woes impart. “

„Cease — cease, my Daphne, your unwelcome
 strains!

„These gay reflections but increase my pains.
 „While pure untainted innocence remain'd,
 „E're Strephon base my witless heart obtain'd,
 „Like you I sported, and was blithe like you,
 „My days were chearful, and my cares were few:
 „But perjur'd Strephon my affections won,
 „In him I trusted, was by him undone. —
 „Ah! now farewell, my wonted happy days!
 „Farewell, my wonted innocence and ease!
 „Farewell ye groves, and ev'ry smiling dell!
 „Ye wand'ring ewes, and slighted lambs, farewell! —

„My artless Daphne, take a friend's advice,
 „With caution listen to your wooer's voice,
 „And through love's mazes ever wary tread,

„Or — like Amanda — you may be betray'd.
„The while fond Strephon deck'd with wreaths my
breast,
„And taper-crook with fragrant garlands drest,
„When vows of constancy in yonder grove
„He plighted oft, say, could I doubt his love?
„The while he flatt'ring first reveal'd his flame,
„I little knew, (poor simple, thoughtless dame)
„His youthful breast a wicked heart contain'd,
„That by his guile my virtue would be stain'd,
„And soon my artless virgin-heart he won,
„He'd leave me thus — abandon'd and undone!“

With pity mov'd, young Daphne dropp'd a tear,
And curs'd the swain, so false and insincere.

„Severe, said she, is hapless woman's fate;
„If fair, men ruin us, if homely, hate:
„We're sure betray'd, if we through love pursue,
„And, if we fly, they flatter and undo.“

„From hence, resum'd Amanda, learn with care,
„Whilst yet a maid, to shun each tempting snare.

„For Strephon's sake what anguish I endure,
 „And deep remorse, which baffles ev'ry cure!
 „At dead of night, when nature's sunk in sleep,
 „With sorrow wrung, I'm left alone to weep!
 „And, when the sun in eastern sky appears,
 „Still I'm dejected, still bedew'd with tears. —
 „For him I bear the village' taunting scorn,
 „By foes insulted, and by friends forlorn.
 „The cruel swain, deaf to my piteous moan,
 „Has Doris wed, and left me thus undone. —
 „But cease, Amanda! — now 'tis vain to mourn:
 „Be hush, ye groves! no more my plaint return!
 „Farewell, ye glades, and ev'ry smiling dell!
 „Ye wand'ring ewes, and slighted lambs, farewell!
 „And thou, o Daphne, virtue still pursue,
 „Be innocent, be blest! — farewell! — adieu! “ —

Thus having spoke, she frantic reach'd the shore,
 Plung'd headlong in, and sunk to rise no more.

Here stopp'd the gentle swain — the list'ning
 crowd,
 Mov'd with his strains, were all in tears bedew'd.
 Such was our Damon's skill, and peerless mead,
 And such his cunning on the mellow reed.

CORYDON.

His art in piping he has left with you :
 Accept your promis'd gift, 'tis justly due,
 And now, till thine be brought, you'll welcome
 share
 My rural sweets and wholesome countryfare.

Evening.

Or Colin and Lycon.

M O P S U S.

At close of day, the while I homeward led
 My fleecy care, o'er Glotta's blissful mead
 Sweet rural music ; floating in the air,
 Of oaten pipes assail'd my list'ning ear,
 When lo! I found beneath a beechen shade
 Two love-sick shepherds, 'mong the violets laid,
 In keen dispute, who best could tune the reed:
 From either flock they stak'd two fav'rite ewes,

And me as umpire on m'arrival chose.
 Our younglings fed Clyde's flowery banks along,
 While I attentive heard their rural song.

COLIN.

The setting sun now gilds the western sky,
 And, whistling, homeward happy ploughmen hie,
 And see, in view o'er all th' impurpled mead
 Our sev'ral flocks promiscuously feed.
 Come then, my Lycon, in this shady grove
 Let's sing the beauties of the nymphs, we love.
 Whose are the ewes, young Mopfus shall decide;
 In Mopfus' judgment we may safe confide.

LYCON.

Believe me, lad, the longest summer's day
 Would not suffice, her merits to display.
 Fair Delia's bloom and graceful mien we prize,
 And most admire Melinda's sparkling eyes:
 But all perfections in my Myra join;
 Her temper's affable, her form divine.

COLIN.

My lovely Sylvia, sweet as genial May,
Mild as Aurora, ush'ring in the day,
When deffly sporting in the shady grove
With beauteous nymphs, faint emblems of my love,
Like yonder rose the meaner flowers among,
My fair appears amid the virgin-throng.

LYCON.

My Myra's cheeks a ruddy blush disclose,
More warm and blooming than the vermil rose:
Adown her neck her waving ringlets flow,
Her honey-lips with crimson-redness glow:
Her virgin-breasts, just rising to the view,
Are whiter far than lilies, wet with dew.

COLIN.

Blest Sylvia's fairer than the Cyprian queen,
In talking free, angelic in her mien.
Her lively eyes shine than the stars more bright,
Her glowing lips seem kisses to invite:
Her ebon-tresses gaudy ribbons tie,
Her dimpled cheeks with new-blown roses vie.

With tuneful voice, than nightingales more sweet,
She charms mine ear, when in the shade we meet,

LYCON.

When on my Myra's snowy breast reclin'd,
How blythe am I! how chearful she, and kind!
From fault'ring tongue mine honest passion flows:
Her rosy cheeks a modest blush disclose.
Ye gods! what words can our delight express,
When lip to lip with mutual love we press!

COLIN.

When in the shade at Syivia's side I lie,
How joyous she, and o how happy I!
By simple wiles each other's love we win:
She strokes my cheek, I chuck her lovely chin,
And, when I smile, a smile she will return;
Our wounded hearts with equal passions burn. —
If from my sight, no more the fields can please,
On flowery banks invain I seek for ease,
On verdant plains invain the daifies spring,
Invain the birds with wild caroling sing,
The sun invain beams forth refulgent rays;
In Sylvia's absence nought, alas! can please.

 LYCON.

When peerless Myra's absent from my sight,
 The sweets of spring no more afford delight:
 My sheep, unheeded, wander to and fro,
 While hills and dales around repeat my woe.

COLIN.

The wounded trees bleed with my Sylvia's name,
 M' engraven crook in verse declares my flame.
 Angelic Sylvia, blithesome, free and kind,
 All night I dream of, fills all day my mind.
 Her winning charms for ever I could sing,
 And make the echoes with her beauties ring.

LYCON.

My comely Myra grants me love for love;
 Her praise I sing in ev'ry vale and grove,
 So mild her temper, and her face so fair,
 My lovely Myra is beyond compare!

COLIN.

Goats may forsake the craggy mountain's brow,
 Rivers may backward to their fountains flow,

Gay spring may cease to clothe the mead with green,
 And vales of snow in sultry June be seen :
 But thou, my Sylvia, all my heart holds dear,
 No power on earth shall from my bosom tear ;
 There thou, blest nymph, in spite of all controul,
 Unrival'd reign'st, the mistress of my soul!

LYCON.

O'er eastern hills the sun shall cease to rise,
 Shall cease at eve to gild the western skies,
 No more the warblers on the leafy spray
 Shall chaunt in spring their sweet melodious lay,
 The zephyrs cease, the aspen leaf to move,
 When I my Myra shall forget to love,

MORSUS.

My blithesome Lycon, thine harmonious lays,
 So deffly sung, are worthy of our praise,
 And for your strains (you merit well the meed)
 Accept, fond youth, this crook and brassbound reed:
 But Colin's glee and long-experienc'd skill,
 What time to sink a note, and when blow shrill,
 Must be allow'd, to these stak'd ewes lay claim,
 And 'mong the shepherds merit deathless fame ;

By artful cunning in the rural strain
He'll pipe full long unequall'd on the plain.

But lo ! the sun immerses in the sea
And birds no longer sing upon the spray.
Let us retire, and fold our fleecy sheep,
And give the rest of this calm night to sleep.

N i g h t.

O r A m a n d u s.

The dismal night had now assum'd her reign,
And wet with dew the silent gloomy plain :
Departed sol was set in western deep,
And wearied mortals sunk in balmy sleep,
When, drown'd in tears, beneath a blasted oak,
Where om'nous ravens to the desert croak,
Amandus lay—To give his sorrows vent,
He thrice essay'd, and thrice did sighs prevent :
To list'ning groves, at length in hollow tone,
And broken accents, thus he made his moan.

Why have I liv'd, to see this woeful day,
Which has my Stella mingled with the clay?
Why liv'd, to see her yield her tuneful breath?—
To see the hour, she clos'd her eyes in death?—

Love, wit and beauty from the plains are fled,
And in the grave with lovely Stella laid.

Embower her tomb, ye gloomy cypress-trees!
Come, sigh with me, thou gentle-fanning breeze!
Bewail with me, ye lambs and bleating sheep!
With me, ye fountains and ye rivers, weep!
Refound, ye hills, ye vales, with me deplore
My young, my beauteous Stella's now no more!—
Behold (o baleful sight!) that rising mound,
Which sable yews and willows pale surround!
Ah! there interr'd, regardless of my sighs,
My love, my all, the pride of nature lies.

Love, wit and beauty from the plains are fled,
And in the grave with comely Stella laid.

With her no more the flowery field I'll tread,
No more recline beneath the beechen shade,
Where oft I wont, on oaten pipe to play,
While lovely Stella join'd the simple lay. —

No more shall shepherds round the-virgin throng
 Doat on her charms, and praise her pleasing song,
 But on the branches hang the silent reed,
 While with despair their heaving bosoms bleed,
 And o'er her grave sad rosemary bestrew,
 And bid her, drown'd in tears, a long adieu.

Love, wit and beauty from the plains are fled,
 And in the grave with comely Stella laid.

Ah, peerless Stella, nature's pride, is dead,
 Laid low in earth, and all her beauties fled.
 No more her cheeks with blooming roses vie,
 Her cold pale lips have lost their crimson-dye:
 Her sparkling eyes, which ev'ry bosom warm'd,
 Now languid lie, of all their fire disarm'd:
 Hush'd is her voice, which erst so sweetly sung,
 And wit no more flows from her silent tongue.
 In bloom of youth death maim'd her virgin-charms,
 And merciless tore her from a lover's arms.

Ah, yonder she, whilom more blithe and gay
 Than joyous spring, lies mingling with the clay.

Love, wit and beauty from the plains are fled,
 And in the grave with comely Stella laid.

Ah me ! what tears, what sighs my grief express,
 When I revolve my Stella's last address! —
 As o'er her couch that woeful day I stood,
 She pale and weak — and I with tears bedew'd!
 While yet cold death upheld th' impending stroke,
 In feeble accents thus sh' expiring spoke :

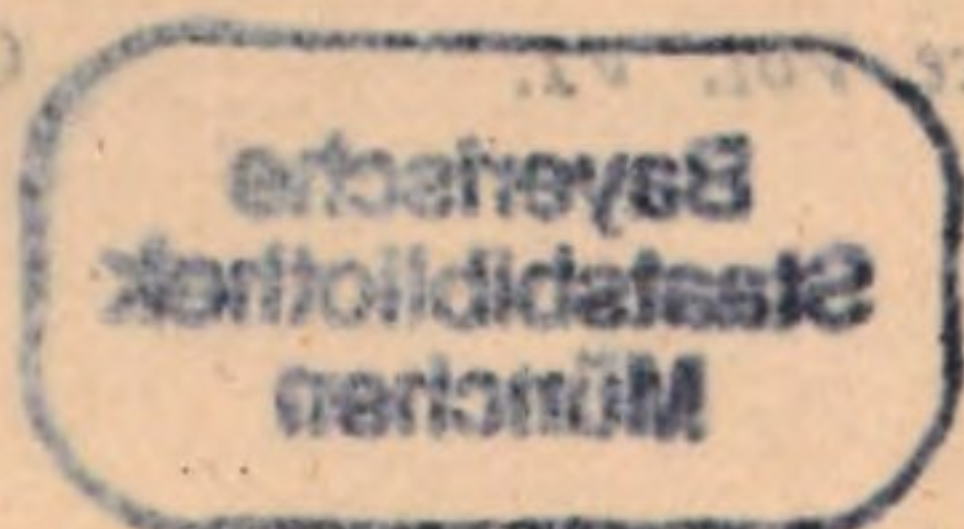
„My taper-crook do thou, Amandus, take:
 „Use't as thine own for dying Stella's sake
 „If e'er thou lov'd me, let my fleecy care
 „Along with thine thy kind attention share;
 „For now, Amandus, I must bid adieu,
 „Must bid farewell to all the world — and you.
 „To you, my love! — to you! ah welladay!
 „Death calls, alas! and all must death obey.
 „Farewell! — adieu!“ — Here was her voice suppress'd,
 Her pains remov'd, and all her struggles ceas'd.
 Her pains, her struggles ceas'd, and mine begun:
 She's now intomb'd, I left behind to moan. —

Love, wit and beauty from the plains are fled,
 And in the grave with comely Stella laid.

Ah! what avails it, she was passing fair,
 That godlike virtue ever was her care,
 That rural ditties she so sweetly sung,
 And poignant wit flow'd ever from her tongue?
 Ah! what avails it, she my crook adorn'd
 With fragrant flowers, and love for love return'd?
 Not all her beauty, all my tears could save
 My hapless Stella from an early grave.
 Nor voice enchanting as the Siren's song,
 Nor charms of peerless meed could life prolong.
 The old, the young, the homely and the fair
 Must yield to death, and for the grave prepare.

His sighs again his struggling speech suppress'd,
 And tears again bedew'd his heaving breast.
 Abforb'd in grief, beneath the wither'd shade
 All on a mossy turf he lean'd his head,
 Till winding rills, which through the valley creep,
 With soothing murmurs lull'd the swain asleep. —

Riddel.



Oxford and Cambridge.

Our royal master saw with heedful eyes
The wants of his two universities.
Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing, why
That learned body wanted loyalty,
But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning,
That that right loyal body wanted learning.

Trapp.

The Answer.

The king to Oxford sent his troop of horse;
For Tories own no argument but force:
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent;
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

Browne.

Ode on the Suicide of a Friend.

Such anguish, as distends the heart
Of some unfabled Niobe,

When the pestilential dart
Has transfixt her progeny,
Or such, as with Gorgonian pow'r
Inanimates a Thisbe's face,
Who at the love-appointed hour
On the love-appointed place
Finds her passion's idol dead,
And with his faithful breath all comfort fled,
Such, ah! redoubled grief beyond compare!
Curio, my reason's love and choice's heir,
Unman'd thy friend, when (what he least cou'd
fear)
Thy self-anticipated death surpris'd his wounded
ear.

What, if thy stay life's slender joys
Solicited invain,
If vain too clam'rous instinct's voice
Thy valor to restrain,
Yet say, my Curio, say, how yet
His country's laws the patriot could forget,
Or the supreme disposer's will
The moralist retain, and not fulfil?
O virtue of a savage kind!
O courage, for far other use design'd!

O with discordant error sense und learning join'd!

Thus did I Curio's fate repine,

'Till o'er my sorrow - weary'd head

Sleep its Lethean opiates spread,

Impotent lenitives to woe like mine.

For lo! my late-lost friend and long rever'd

To my clos'd eyes appear'd,

A glorius phantom! from all parts

The beamy radiance darts:

But eminent above the rest

Flash'd the bold wound upon his manly breast:

Not more distinct on knighthood's splendid coat,

(Each eye-ball dazzling from a-far)

Of worth approv'd the fulgent note,

Vibrates the lightning of its blazing-star.

Compassion kindled in his look,

While from his sapient lips the vocal music broke:

„Much-lov'd, much-erring mortal, (thus he cries)

„No more my mem'ry blame!

„No more the god-like act blaspheme,

„That wings th'imprison'd soul for kindred skies!

„No public's chain extends beyond the grave,

„Irrationally binding to the wise and brave,

„And soon or late inevitable death

„By nature's order claims our breath.

„As in the womb, his world, where many a day

„In liquid blifs the vegetable infant lay,
 „Grown ripe for birth, he finds delight no more,
 „But unknown pangs his frame explore,
 „Till instinct flung, he burft away
 „To the fun's gladfome ray;
 „So the diftaste of life, the flicht of death and pain
 „The longing for immortal joy
 „Not on the virtuous foul invain
 „Their inftinctive force employ:
 „It owns the fummons, fpuins its vile abode,
 „Greatly irregular, affumes a comet-road,
 „Heav'n's welcome volunteer, among the gods a
 god!“

He faid, and vanish'd from my view:
 Awak'd, I wish'd the pleafing vifion true.

Kellet. *)

*) A Pocket of profe and verfe, being a felection from
 the literary productions of *Alexander Kellet*, Efq.
 Bath. 1778. 3vo.

To Mira.

Loving at first sight.

No warning of th' approaching flame,
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came:
Like travellers, by lightning kill'd,
I burnt the moment, I beheld.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind as nobly grac'd,
The case, so shining to behold,
Is fill'd with richest gems and gold.

To what my eyes admir'd before,
I add a thousand graces more,
And fancy blows into a flame
The spark, that from the beauty came.

The object thus improv'd by thought,
By my own image I am caught:
Pygmalion so with fatal art
Polish'd the form, that stung his heart.

Granville Lord Lansdowne.

The dying Indian.

The dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt
In double poison — I shall soon arrive
At the blest island, where no tigers spring
On heedless hunters, where anana's bloom
Thrice in each moon, where rivers smoothly glide,
Nor thund'ring torrents whirl the light canoe
Down to the sea, where my forefathers feast
Daily on hearts of Spaniards! — O my son,
I feel the venom busy in my breast.
Approch, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth
Of that bold christian, who first dar'd deflour
The virgins of the sun, and, dire to tell!
Robb'd Pachacamac's altar of its gems!
I mark'd the spot, where they interr'd this traitor,
And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
And tore his carcase from the earth, and left it
A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown
With sacred secrecy! If e'er returns
Thy much-lov'd mother from the desert woods,
Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,
Cherish her age. Tell her, I ne'er have worship'd
With those, that eat their God. And when disease
Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her
With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,

Like christian cowards, in a life of pain.

I go ; great Capac bekons me. Farewel!

Warton.

S o n g.

High state and honours to others impart,

But give me your heart!

That treasure, that treasure alone

I beg for my own.

So gentle a love, so fervent a fire

My soul does inspire:

That treasure, that treasure alone

I beg for my own.

Your love let me crave!

Give me in possessing

So matchless a blessing!

That empire is all, I would have.

Love's my petition,

All my ambition:

If e'er you discover

So faithful a lover,

So real a flame,

I'll die, I'll die:

So give up my game!

Dryden.

Death and Daphne.

To an agreeable young Lady, extremely lean.

Death went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall, his court to pay.
The phantom, having humbly kiſt
His grisly monarch's footy fiſt,
Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues and pills.
Pluto obſerving, ſince the peace
The burial article decreaſe,
And vex't, to ſee affairs miſcarry,
Declar'd in council, Death muſt marry,
Vow'd, he no longer could ſupport
Old batchelors about his court,
The int'reſt of his realm had need,
That Death ſhould get a num'rous breed,
Young deathlings, who, by practice made
Proſicient in their father's trade,
With colonies might ſtock around
His large dominions under ground.

A conſult of coquets below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau.
From her own head Megæra takes

A periwig of twisted snakes,
 Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
 (Like toupets of this upper world)
 With flow'r of sulphur powder'd well,
 That graceful on his shoulders fell,
 An adder of the fable kind,
 In line direct hung down behind.
 The owl, the raven and the bat
 Club'd for a feather to his hat:
 His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
 Bequeath'd to Pluto, corps and all.
 But loth, his person to expose
 Bare, like a carcase, pickt by crows,
 A lawyer o'er his hands and face
 Struck artfully a parchment case.
 No new-flux'd rake shew'd fairer skin,
 Nor Phillis after lying in.
 With snuff was fill'd his ebon box
 Of skin-bones, rotted by the pox.
 Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
 With aconite anoint his chops,
 And give him words of dreadful sounds,
 G—d d—n his blood, and b—d and w—ds.

. Thus furnisht out, he sent his train,
 take a house in Warwick-lane.

The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimentary message sends :
Their president in scarlet-gown
Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town.

But Death had bus'ness to dispatch;
His mind was running on his match,
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of terrors came,
Fine as a col'nel of the guards,
To visit, where she sat at cards.
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom,
And now her heart with pleasure jumps.
She scarce remembers, what is trumps,
(For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen except her own)
Charm'd with his eyes and chin and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slily out,
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance,
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not, to win the swain.

Nothing, she thought, could sooner gain him,
 Than with her wit to entertain him.
 She ask'd about her friends below,
 This meagre fop, that batter'd beau,
 Whether some late departed toasts
 Had got gallants among the ghosts?
 If Chloe were a sharper still,
 As great as ever at quadrille?
 (The ladies there must needs be rooks;
 For cards, we know, are Pluto's books)
 If Florimel had found her love,
 For whom she hang'd herself above?
 How oft a week was kept a ball
 By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
 (She fancied those Elysian shades
 The sweetest place for masquerades)
 How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
 To troll it in a coach and fix!

What pride a female heart enflames!
 How endless are ambition's aims!
 Cease, haughty nymph; the fates decree,
 Death must not be a spouse for thee;
 For when by chance the meagre shade
 Upon thy hand his finger laid,

Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
 His matrimonial spirit fled:
 He felt, about his heart a damp,
 That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp.
 Away the frightened spectre scuds,
 And leaves my lady in the fuds.

Swift.

T o D e l i a.

In imitation of Anacreon.

You bid me write: but how can I

Write, if Pegasus won't fly?

You bid me write, my charming dove!

What can I write, if not of love?

My heart's all love, and all my care

Is, how to please my charming fair.

I'll sing of war: what's war to me?

Or what, my fair! is war to thee?

I'll sing of plains, where shepherds rove:

But then, alas! I sing of love.

My mind's all love, my care's repaid,
If I but please my lovely maid.

Whene'er I wander thro' the shade,
Or hie across the funny glade,
Whene'er I seek the pleasing grove,
My thoughts are all engaged by love.
Whate'er I say, whate'er I do,
My thoughts, dear maid, are love and you.

Green.

Song to Aelle,

Lord of the Castell of Brystowe in Daies of
Yore. *)

O thou (or whate remaynes of thee)
Aelle, the darlynge of futurite!

*) About the year 920 Aelle was Governor of the castle of Bristol, and gained many signal victories over the Danes, particularly at Watchet. That song was made to the memory of this chief by a Carmelite-friar and father confessor to William Cannyng, founder of St. Mary Redcliffe - church. It was written in the year 1468, and the Original is now in the hands of Mr. Barret, surgeon in Bristol.

Lette thys mie songe bolde as thie courage bee,
As everlastyng to posteritye!
Whanne Dacya's sonnes with hair of blood-red hue,
Lyke kynges-coppes brastyng dewe,
Arraung'd in drear arraye
Upon the lethale daye,
Spredde farre and wyde on Watchet's shore,
Thenne dydst thou brondeous stonde,
And with thie burlge honde
Bespringedde all the mees with gore.
Drawn by thyne anlace fell,
Down to the depthes of hell
Thousands of Dacyans went.
Bryftowans, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the blodie fyghte,
And acted deedes full quent.
O thou! were'ere (thie bones att rest)
Thie spryte to haunte delyghteth best,
Wheter on the blod-embrued playne,
Or where thou kenn'st from far
The blatant cryes of warre,
Or seeft some mountayne, made of hepes of slayne
Or seeft the hatchedde stede
Yprouncyng o'er the mede,
And neigh to be amongst the poyntedde speres,
Or in black armour stalk arounde,

Embatteledde Briſtowe, once thie grounde,
 And glow'ſt ardorous onne the caſtle ſteers,
 Or fierce rounde the mynſterne glare,
 Let Briſtowe ſtill bee made thie care!
 Guarde it from me fomenne and conſumynge fyre!
 Lyke Avon's ſtreame encyrque it rounde,
 Ne lette a flamme enharme the grounde,
 Tyll ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre!

Rowlley.

A b r a,

o r

The Georgian Sultana.

Scene a Forest. Time the Evening.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are ſeen,
 In diſtant view along the level green,
 While evening-dews enrich the glittering glade,
 And the tall foreſts caſt a longer ſhade,
 What time 'tis ſweet, o'er fields of rice to ſtray,
 Or ſcent the breathing maze at ſetting day,
 Amidſt the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
 Emyra ſung the pleaſing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
 Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain.
 At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead,
 Where lilies rear them in the watery mead:
 From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
 'Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
 Deep in the grove beneath the secret shade
 A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
 Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
 The violet blue, that on the moss-bank grows:
 All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there.
 The finish'd chaplet well-adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
 By love conducted from the chace away.
 Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
 And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
 At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid:
 She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

„Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 „And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!“

The royal lover bore her from the plain:
 Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain.

Oft, as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
 And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
 Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
 To richer scenes of golden power and love!
 Go, leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain!
 With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign!

„Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 „And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!“

Yet 'midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
 On the cool fountain or the shady grove:
 Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
 To the sweet vale and flowery mead inclin'd,
 And oft, as spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
 Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
 With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
 The breezy mountains and the forests green.
 Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band:
 Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand.
 Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung:
 With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

„Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 „And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!“

And oft the royal lover left the care
 And thorns of state, attendant on the fair,

Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
 Or sought the vale, where first his heart was fir'd.
 A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
 And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
 „Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 „And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!“

Blest was the life, that royal Abbas led,
 Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
 What, if in wealth the noble maid excel,
 The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
 Let those, who rule in Persia's jewell'd throne,
 Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone,
 Or wreath, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
 The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
 O happy days! the maids around her say,
 O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!

„Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
 „And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!“

Collins.

A Farewell to Poetry.

The thralldom's past—the spell hath lost its power,
 The magic spell, that erst entranc'd my soul,
 And bound my blinded reason in its chains.
 The gay delusion fades: its rainbow-tints
 In empty air evanish, and no more
 The cozz'ning shapes perfidious cheat my fancy.
 Away, deceitful hopes, fantastic dreams!
 Ye spoilers of my youth, away! deceive
 The ignorant and thoughtless, who, like me,
 Shall seek fruition in your fancied bliss!
 Adieu, ye Muses! you, whose genuine fire
 Gives joy ecstatic to the ravish'd soul,
 You, whom erewhile I deem'd so wondrous fair,
 As nought could rival! now the folly's past.
 I vainly courted your propitious aid,
 And fondly hop'd, the strong desire of fame,
 That fir'd my bosom, might be deem'd a spark
 Of heav'nly origin. I hop'd invain:
 The Muse with looks averted, as in scorn,
 Deny'd my suit. Yet vanity prevail'd,
 And still I dream'd of laurel-wreaths, the mee
 Of genuine bards, and my distemper'd fancy
 Involv'd my reason in the mist of error.
 Yes, vanity, you rul'd my abject soul:

You barr'd my ear against the voice of wisdom,
 And t' en, arch-felon! at th' ungarded hour,
 When folly reign'd, you stole my precious time:
 You stole my noblest and my best possession:
 And left me almost bankrupt. Idle hopes,
 Trick'd with false smiles delusive, ye deceiv'd
 My reekless youth, and lur'd my steps, to tread
 The paths of folly: this attain'd, ye fled,
 And traitor-like, betray'd me to despair.
 So the benighted swain, who sudden spies
 A meteor, dancing o'er the marshy fen,
 (Joy warms his heart, while foolishly he weens
 A friendly light) from his own cot directs
 His devious footstep: but at once he sinks,
 Helpless, into destruction.

And could I deem, my uncouth artless song,
 Th'insipid produce of a tuneless reed,
 Might one day match a Waller's courtly lay
 Where wit and ease and melody conjoin?
 Adieu, ye trifles of an early day!
 No more shall empty vanity prevail;
 Her empire's over, and her phantom-hopes
 No more betray me to contempt and folly.
 But it is yours, whose glowing breasts confess
 The Muse propitious, it is yours, to breathe

The ministry divine, that melts the heart.
 For me, I break my useless pipe intwain,
 Nor court a glory, I shall ne'er obtain.

Ryan.

The Spaniel and the Cameleon.

A Spaniel, bred with all the care,
 That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
 Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand,
 Indulg'd, to disobey command.
 In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
 He never knew, what learning meant,
 Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
 Were sure, to win his lady's heart.
 Each little mischief gain'd his praise:
 How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was south, the morning fair:
 He ventures forth to take the air.
 He ranges all the meadow round,
 And rolls upon the softest ground,
 When near him a cameleon seen
 Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
What live with clowns, a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair:
A fortune cannot fail the there;
Preferment shall thy talents crown.
Believe me, friend; I know the town.

Sir, says the sycophant, like you,
Of old politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said:
My whisper always met success,
The ladies prais'd me for address:
I knew, to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd every vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the lyer's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days,
And, sentenc'd, to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene;
For Jove the heart alone regards:
He punishes, what man rewards.
How diff'rent is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine,

While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those, I flatter'd, feed on air.

Gay.

o d e

to a singing Bird.

O thou, that glad'st my lonesome hours
With many a wildly-warbled song,
When melancholy round me low'rs,
And drives her fullen storms along,
When fell adversity prepares,
To lead her delegated train,
Pale sickness, want, remorse and pain,
With all her host of carking cares —
The fiends ordain'd, to tame the human soul,
And give the humbled heart to sympathy's controul!

Sweet soother of my misery, say,
Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing?

Why dost thou pour that artless lay ?
How canst thou, little prisoner, sing ?
Hast thou not cause, to grieve,
That man, unpitying man, has rent
From thee the boon, which nature meant,
Thou should'st, as well as he, receive,
The power, to woo thy partner in the grove,
To build, where instinct points, where chance directs,
to rove ?

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
And to the woes of bondage blind,
Thou never long'st, to join thy mate,
Nor wishest, to be unconfined :
Then how relentless he,
And fit for every foul offence,
Who could bereave such innocence
Of life's best blessing, liberty,
Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care !

But why for thee this fond complaint ?
Above thy master thou art blest :
Art thou not free ? — yes, calm content,

With olive sceptre, fways thy breast:

Then deign with me to live!

The falcon with insatiate maw,

With hooked bill and griping claw

Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive,

And every tabby foe shall mew invain,

While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.

Nor shall the fiend, fell famine, dare

Thy wiry tenement assail:

These, these shall be my constant care,

The limpid fount and temp'rate meal,

And when the blooming spring

In checquer'd liv'ry robes the fields,

The fairest flow'rets, nature yields,

To thee officious will I bring:

A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,

And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird, be thine!

From drear oblivion's gloomy cave

The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,

And bid thee live beyond the grave —

This meed, she knows, thy merits claim:

She knows, thy liberal heart

Is ever ready, to dispense
 The tide of bland benevolence,
 And melody's soft aid impart,
 Is ready still, to prompt the magic lay,
 Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains
 away.

Erewhile, when, brooding o'er my soul,
 Frown'd the black demons of despair,
 Did not thy voice that power controul,
 And oft suppress the rising tear?

If fortune should be kind,
 If e'er with affluence I'm blest,
 I'll often seek some friend distressed,
 And when the weeping wretch I find,
 Then, tuneful moralist, I'll copy thee,
 And solace all his woes with social sympathy.

Richardson.

S o n n e t,

Made on Isabella Markhame, when I firste
thought her fayer, as she stood at the prin-
cess's windowe in goodlye attyre, and talke-
de to dyvers in the courte-yard.

From a Misc. dated 1564.

Whence comes my love? O hearte, disclose!

'Twas from cheeks, that shamed the rose,

From lips, that spoyle the rubies prayse,

From eyes, that mock the diamond's blaze.

Whence comes my woe? as freely owne,

Ah_me! 'twas from a hearte, lyke stone.

The blushynge cheek speakes modest mynde,

The lipps befitting wordes moste kynde:

The eye does tempte to love's desyre,

And seems, to say, 'tis Cupid's fire.

Yet all so faire: but speak my moane,

Syth noughte dothe saye the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kynde bespeake,

Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushynge cheeks.

Yet not a hearte, to save my paine?

O Venus, take thy giftes againe!

Make not so faire, to cause our moane,

Or make a hearte, that's lyke our owne!

Harrington.

S o n g.

Ye cliffs! I to your airy steep

Ascend with trembling hope and fear,

To gaze on this extensive deep,

And watch if William's sails appear.

Long months elapse, while here I breathe

Vain expectation's frequent prayer,

Till, bending o'er the waves beneath,

I drop the tear of dumb despair.

But see a glifening sail in view!

Tumultuous hopes arise:

'Tis he! — I feel the vision true,
I trust my conscious eyes.

His promis'd signals from the mast
My timid doubts destroy:
What was your pain, ye terrors past,
To this ecstatic joy?

Hayley.

The Lady's Dressing - room.

Five hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Cælia spent in dressing,
The goddesses from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades and tissues.
Strephon, who found, the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter, as it lay,

Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.

At first a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd.
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry side.
In such a case few words are best,
And Strephon, bids us guess the rest,
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses,
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt.
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead and hair.
A forehead-cloth with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front.

Here

Here allum-flower, to stop the steams,
 Exhal'd from four unsav'ry streams,
 There night-gloves, made of tripsey's hide,
 Bequeath'd by tripsey, when she died,
 With puppy-water, beauty's help,
 Distill'd from tripsey's darling whelp.
 Here gally-pots and vials plac'd,
 Some fill'd with washes, some with paste,
 Some with pomatums, paints and slops,
 And ointments, good for scabby chops.
 Hard by a filthy basin stands,
 Foul'd with the scow'ring of her hands:
 The basin takes, whatever comes,
 The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
 A nasty compound of all hues;
 For here she spits, and here she spues.

But oh! it turn'd poor Strephow's bowels,
 When he beheld and smelt the towels,
 Begumm'd, bematter'd and beffim'd,
 With dirt and sweat and ear-wax grim'd.
 No object Strephon's eye escapes:
 Here petticoats in frowzy heaps.
 Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
 All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot,

And stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes,
Or greasy coifs, or pinner's reeking,
Which Cælia slept at least a week in.
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck the brows in arches round,
Or hairs, that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not less pass
Of Cælia's magnifying glass.
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It shew'd the visage of a giant.
A glass, that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Cælia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail,
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest,
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her,
To move it out from yonder corner,

But leave it standing full in sight
 For you, to exercise your spite.
 Invain the workman shew'd his wit
 With rings and hinges counterfeit,
 To make it seem in this disguise
 A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
 Which Strephon ventur'd, to look in,
 Resolv'd, to go through thick and thin.
 He lifts the lid: there needs no more;
 He smelt it all the time before.

As from within Pandora's box,
 When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
 A sudden universal crew
 Of human evils upward flew,
 (He still was comforted, to find,
 That hope at last remain'd behind)
 So, Strephon lifting up the lid,
 To view, what in the chest was hid,
 The vapours flew from out the vent:
 But Strephon, cautious, never meant,
 The bottom of the pan to grope,
 And foul his hands in search of hope.

O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!
O! may she better learn, to keep
Those secrets of the hoary deep!

As mutton-cutlets, prime of meat,
Which, though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire,
If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Pois'ning the flesh, from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench;
So things, which must not be express'd,
When plump into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell,
To taint the parts, from whence they fell,
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round ev'ry room.

Thus finishing his grand survey,
The swain disgusted slunk away,

Repeating in his am'rous fits,
 „ Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!

But vengeance, goddesses never sleeping,
 Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping;
 His foul imagination links
 Each dame, he sees, with all her stinks,
 And, if unsav'ry odours fly,
 Conceives a lady, standing by.
 All women his description fits,
 And both ideas jump like wits,
 By vicious fancy coupled fast,
 And still appearing in contrast.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
 To all the charms of woman-kind.
 Should I the queen of love refuse,
 Because she rose from stinking ooze?
 To him, that looks behind the scene,
 Statira's but some pocky queen.

When Cælia all her glory shows,
 If Strephon would but stop his nose,

Who now so impiously blasphemes
 Her ointments, daubs and paints and creams
 Her washes, slops and ev'ry clout,
 With which he makes so foul a rout,
 He soon would learn, to think like me,
 And bless his ravish'd eyes, to see
 Such order from confusion sprung,
 Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.

Swift.

V e r s e s ,

left on the Dutchess of Devonshire's Breakfast-table, in consequence of his calling on her Grace at noon, and finding, she had not left her chamber.

What makes thy looks so fair and bright,
 Divine Aurora, say?

„Because from slumbers short and light

„I rise, to wake the day.“

O, hide for shame thy blushing face!

'Tis all poetic fiction.

To tales like these see Devon's grace

A blooming contradiction.

Garrick.

O d e

to the Lyric Muse.

What means within my breast this restless flame?

My teeming brain what fancies croud?

O hark! what voice, so sweetly loud,

Pours on my trembling ear the blast of fame?

And see, a Deity appears!

A Grecian robe and Grecian form she wears:

One hand the tuneful shell suspends,

And one th' eternal trump extends:

Her motion, station awe infuse,

Her eyes contagious phrenzy roll,

Her fervid words pervade the soul,

And thus she fascinates the darling of the Muse.

„ He, whom the Nine inspire,

„ And gift with their authentic fire,

„ Nor from the wordy mafs of law

„ Will the gainful pleasure draw,

„ Nor pulpit - thron'd to innocents dispense
 „ Magnific shreds of common - sense,
 „ Nor yet with adamant heart,
 „ Tho' king or college licens'd, act the murderer's
 „ part.

„ Much less (what is the downhill - road
 „ To pow'r and dignity and wealth,
 „ But not to honour's bright abode,
 „ But not to peace and peace - imparted health)
 „ Shall his unblushing cheek and perjur'd tongue
 „ Amid the senatorial throng,
 „ Self - hawking to quotidian sale,
 „ Corruption's rank septennial lump retail.“

Well, thy grace divine I know,
 Harmonious parent of the lyre,
 Who didst on favour'd Thebes bestow
 The patriot, whose poetic fire
 On ever - during odes th' Olympic victors grav'd,
 And his devoted native land from desolation sav'd,
 Who didst on new - born Flaccus smile,
 (Tho' rebel to the state, tho' truant from thy toil)
 And from poverty and shame
 Vindicate one poet's fame,
 Who ev'n in this our gloomy day
 Hast animated with Promethean ray
 Horatian Akenfide, Pindaric Gray.

Cease, ah, sweet delusion, cease,
 In day-dreams thus to hover round my head;
 The Vulcanian net, that's spread,
 Wary experience sees.
 Chang'd are the times, alas! nor now
 Or wealth or barren praise canst thou bestow.
 The lucre-deafn'd ear what sounds avail?
 On hearts corruption-fear'd can moral song prevail?
 Our Anti-Pollios, lineally dull,
 Ne'er meditate the just reward,
 But with oppression, hatred, ridicule
 Pursue the godlike bard.
 Th'indignant bard, unable to withstand,
 Flies, scatt'ring infamy with Parthian hand.
 By custom not to be enslav'd,
 Nor by the mighty brav'd,
 Yet will not I thy intercourse decline,
 O loveliest of the virgin-Nine!
 But oft' thy fairy footsteps trace,
 And sometimes gaze thy beatic face,
 Full often of thy golden lyre
 With thirsty ears imbibe the sound,
 Sometimes too, rapt in whirlwind-fire,
 Quit with thy lay the spirit-damping ground,
 And to the list'ning few thy praise resound;
 For thou sublimest ev'ry joy,

And sweet'nest ev'ry toil :
Thou canst corrosive care destroy,
And make distemper smile,
And when of all external aid debarr'd,
(Like virtue) goddess, art thy own reward.

Kellet.

Verfes, Written in an Alcove.

Now the moon-beam's trembling lustre
Silvers o'er the dewy green,
And in soft and shadowy colour
Sweetly paints the chequer'd scene.

Here between the opening branches
Streams a flood of soften'd light:
There the thick and twisted foliage
Spreads the browner gloom of night.

This is sure the haunt of fairies :
In you cool alcove they play.

Care can never cross the threshold:

Care was only made for day.

Far from hence be noisy clamour,

Sick disgust and anxious fear!

Pining grief and wasting anguish

Never keep their vigils here.

Tell no tales of sheeted spectres,

Rising from the quiet tomb!

Fairer forms this cell shall visit,

Brighter visions gild the gloom.

Choral songs and sprightly voices

Echo from her cell shall call,

Sweeter, sweeter than the murmur

Of the distant water-fall,

Every ruder gust of passion,

Lull'd with music, dies away,

Till within the charmed bosom

None but soft affections play;

Soft, as when the evening - breezes
Gently stir the poplar grove,
Brighter than the smile of summer,
Sweeter than the breath of love.

Thee th'enchanted Muse shall follow,
Lissy! to the rustic cell,
And, each careless note repeating,
Tune them to her charming shell;

Not the Muse, who, wreath'd with laurel,
Solemn stalks with tragic gait,
And in clear and lofty vision
Sees the future births of fate;

Not the maid, who, crown'd with cypresses,
Sweeps along in scepter'd pall,
And in sad and solemn accents
Mourns the crest'd hero's fall;

But that other smiling sister
With the blue and laughing eye,

Singing in a lighter measure
 Strains of woodland-harmony;

All unknown to fame or glory,
 Easy, blithe and debonair,
 Crown'd with flowers, her careless tresses
 Loosely floating on the air.

Then, when next the star of evening
 Softly sheds the silent dew,
 Let me in this rustic temple,
 Lissy! meet the Muse and you!

The Philosopher and the Pheasants.

The sage, awak'd at early day,
 Through the deep forest took his way.
 Drawn by the music of the groves,
 Along the winding gloom he roves:
 From tree to tree the warbling throats

Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
But where he past, he terror threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew,
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his fight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful fight of man.

Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly they our figure or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught.

With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view:
High on the branch a pheasant stood,
Around her all the list'ning brood,
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care exprest.

No dangers here shall circumvent:
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust

Than man, of animals the worst;
 In him ingratitude you find,
 A vice peculiar to the kind.
 The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd,
 To guard his health, and serve his pride,
 Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
 Is in the cruel shambles slain.
 The swarms, who with industrious skill
 Their hives with wax and honey fill,
 Invain whole summer-days employ'd:
 Their stores are fold, their race destroy'd.
 What tribute from the goose is paid!
 Does not her wing all science aid?
 Does it not lover's hearts explain,
 And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
 What now rewards this gen'ral use?
 He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
 Man then avoid, detest his ways!
 So safety shall prolong your days.
 When services are thus acquitted,
 Be sure, we pheasants must be spitted.

Gay.

Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
But where he past, he terror threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew,
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Be sure, we pheasants must be spitted.

Gay.

The Ladle.

The Scepticks think, 'twas long ago,
 Since gods came down incognito,
 To see, who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose,
 That, since they gave things their beginning,
 And set this whirligig a spinning,
 Supine they in their heav'n remain,
 Exempt from passion and from pain,
 And frankly leave us human elves,
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves,
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
 As matter and as motion jumble.

The poets now and painters hold
 This Thesis both absurd and bold,
 And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
 Descend some twice or trice a-day:
 Else all these things, we toil so hard in,
 Would not avail one single farthing;
 For when the Hero we rehearse,
 To grace his actions and our verse,
 'Tis not by dint of human thought,

That

That to his Latium he is brought:
 Iris descends by fate's commands,
 To guide his steps thro' foreign lands,
 And Amphitrite clears the way
 From rocks and quicksands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch,
 (Tho' drawn by Paulo or Carache)
 He shows not half his force and strength,
 Strutting in amour, and at length.
 That he may take his proper figure,
 The piece must yet be four yards bigger:
 The Nymphs conduct him to the field,
 One holds his sword, and one his shield:
 Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel,
 And Fame flies after with a lawrel.

These points, I say, of speculation
 (As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
 Men idly learned will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute.
 Each, mighty angry, mighty right,
 With equal arms sustains the fight,

'Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and sing Te Deum.

Is it in Equilibrio,
If deities descend, or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requisite, to form my tale;
For by all parties 'tis confest,
That those opinions are the best,
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the t'other Jove.
The humour was (it seems) to know,
If all the favours, they bestow,
Could from our own perverseness ease us,
And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.

Discourfing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came,
'Till well nigh tir'd and almoft night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a god or goddess
Exerts no supernat'ral powers,
But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spy'd at last a country-farm,
Where all was snug and clean and warm;
For woods before and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the fields were lowing:
Good grain was sow'd, good fruit was growing,
Of last year's corn in barns great store,
Fat turkeys, gobbling at the door,
And wealth (in short) with peace consented,
That people here should live contented.
But did they in effect do so?
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,
Two years declin'd from prime of life,
Had struggled with the marriage-noose,
As almost ev'ry couple does,
Sometimes, my plague! sometimes, my darling!
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling,

Jointly submitting, to endure
 That evil, which admits no cure.
 Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
 Our farmer met 'em in the yard,
 Thought, they were folks, that lost their way,
 And ask'd them civilly to stay,
 Told 'em, for supper or for bed
 They might go on, and be worse sped. —

So said, so done. The gods consent:
 All three into the parlour went.
 They compliment, they fit, they chat,
 Fight o'er the wars, reform the state:
 A thousand knotty points they clear,
 'Till supper and my wife appear.

Jove made his leg, and kifs'd the dame:
 Obsequious Hermes did the same.
 Jove kifs'd the farmer's wife, you say:
 He did — but in an honest way,
 Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
 With which he kifs'd Amphitryon's wife. —

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd:
 My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
 How strong the beer, how good the meat,
 How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
 In Epic sumptuous wou'd appear,
 Yet shall be pass'd in silence here;
 For I should grieve, to have it said,
 That, by a fine description led,
 I made my Episode too long,
 Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloath away,
 Jove thought it time, to shew his play.
 Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
 Folly and jesting laid aside!
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And strangers with good chear receive,
 Is mighty grateful to your betters,
 And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
 To give this Thesis plainer proof,
 You have to-night beneath your roof
 A pair of gods: (nay never wonder)
 This youth can fly, and I can thnnder.
 I'm Jupiter and he Mercurius,
 My page, my son indeed, but spurious,

Form then three wishes, you and Madam,
And sure, as you already had 'em,
The things desir'd in half an hour
Shall all be here and in your pow'r.

Thank ye, great gods, the woman says:

Oh! may your altars ever blaze!

A ladle for our silver-dish,

Is, what I want, is, what I wish. —

A ladle! cries the man, a ladle!

'Odzooks, Corfica, you have pray'd ill.

What should be great, you turn to farce:

I wish the ladle in your a—.

With equal grief and shame my Muse

The sequel of the tale pursues.

The ladle fell into the room,

And stuck in old Corfica's bum.

Our couple weep two wishes past,

And kindly join, to form the last,

To ease the woman's awkward pain,

And get the ladle out again.

M O R A L.

This commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head aches for a coronet,
And who is blest'd, that is not great?

Some sense and more estate kind heav'n
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? he must have rule and sway,
And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum:
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw of his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will:
Admidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
The cruel something unpossess'd

Corrodes, and leavens all the rest,
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain,
And to the coffin from the cradle
'Tis all a wish and all a ladle.

Prior.

The Beggar's petition.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span!
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd cloaths my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years,
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
 For plenty there a residence has found,
 And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor:
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome!
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold:
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb;
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes: why should we repine?
 'Tis heaven, has brought me to the state, you see,

And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot :
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn.
But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot :
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span!
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

Edwin and Emma.

Far in the windings of a vale
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 A humble cottage stood.
 There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
 Beneath a mother's eye,
 Whose only wish on earth was now,
 To see her blest, and die.
 The softest blush, that nature spreads,
 Gave colour to her cheek,
 Such orient-colour smiles thro' heav'n,
 When May's sweet mornings break.
 Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains;
 That sun, which bids their diamond blaze,
 To deck our lily deigns.

Long had she fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair,
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not, she was fair;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul, that knew no art,
And from whose eyes, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty, long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,

To work them harm, with wicked skill
Each darker art employ'd:

The father too, a fordid man,

Who love nor pity knew,

Was all unfeeling, as the rock,

From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their mutual flame,

And seen it long unmov'd,

Then with a father's frown at last

He sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war

Of different passions strove;

His heart, which durst not disobey,

Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind

The spreading hawthorn crept,

To snatch a glance, to mark the spot,

Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waste
 Beneath the moonlight-shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast:
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime
 Before the northern blast.

The parents now with late remorse
 Hung o'er his dying bed,
 And weary'd heaven with fruitless pray'rs,
 And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past, he cry'd: but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold,
 What they must ever love.

She came, his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bath'd with many a tear:

Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning-dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care
(A cruel sister she!)

Forbad, what Emma came to say:
My Edwin, live for me!

Now homeward as she hopeless went
The church-yard-path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lovers fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night
Her startling fancy found
In ev'ry bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd with trembling steps

Her aged mother's door:

He's gone! she cry'd, and I shall see

That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel, this breaking heart

Beat high against my side.

From her white arm down sunk her head:

She shiver'd, sigh'd, and died.

Mallet.

S o n n e t.

Was it a dream, or did I see it plain?

A goodly table of pure ivory,

All spread with juncats, fit to entertain

The greatest prince with pompous royalty,

'Mongst which there in a silver-dish did lie

Two golden apples of unvalu'd price,

Far passing those, which Hercules came by,

Or

Or those, which Atalanta did entice,
 Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinful vice,
 That many fought, yet none could ever taste,
 Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from paradise
 By Love himself, and in his garden plac'd.
 Her breast that table was, so richly spread,
 My thoughts the guests, which could thereon have
 fed.

Spenser.

Epitaph on Mr. Hogarth.

The hand of him here torpid lies,
 That drew th' essential form of grace:
 Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
 That saw the manners in the face.

Johnson.

The Country-Clergyman.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village-preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year:
 Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place:
 Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd, to raise the wretched, than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain:
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd:
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd, how fields were
won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side:
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all,
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt and pain by turns dismay'd,
 The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
 Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray:
 The service past, around the pious man
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran:

Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
 Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd:
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Goldsmith.

The Play-things of Life.

All men are mere children, all women the same,
 Who, increasing in years, get a different name,
 But still the pursuit of each great girl or boy
 Is after some pretty fantastic new toy,
 Which, when first obtain'd, for a moment they prize,
 Yet the next they destroy neglect or despise,
 While the world's one large nursery of envy and
 strife,
 Where the bandlings contend for the play-things of
 life.

What more than mere toys, though of such high
renown,

Are the bishop's lawn sleeves, or the judge's furr'd
gown,

What are coronets, mitres, wigs, patches or wands,

What ribbons and metals, caps, tassels and bands,

What all tinsel of state, jewels, garters and strings,

Which kings can bestow, and which deck even kings?

Yet these are the baubles, that general strife

Among children, who pant for the play-things of life.

Hark, mortals! your passion for gewgaws repress:

To few be attach'd, nor those few do excess;

For excess will to evil convert ev'ry good,

Your joy turn to anguish, to poison your food,

While the choice, made by prudence, by prudence

confm'd,

Bids the body feel blifs, without paining the mind,

And thus wife to husband and husband to wife

Prove the best and most permanent playthings of life.

Harrison.

From a Gentleman to his Wife.

In vain I ev'ry art essay,
To drive corroding cares away,

They still infest my mind:
Parted from you, whom I adore,
Each moment seems an heavy hour,
Thou best of woman-kind!

Full sixteen years are past and gone,
Since we by Hymen were made one,

In pleasing fetters join'd:
The god of love has since that time
Attended us from clime to clime
Most faithfully and kind.

How desert ev'ry place to me,
Where I cannot my angel see,

Sweet comforter divine:
In *) infancy we both join'd hands,
The gods, propitious, blest'd the bands
With auspices benign.

*) The Gentleman, when married, was seventeen, the
Lady fifteen.

And sure, in all this round of life

No blessings equal to a wife,

To such a wife as you,

Whose husband and whose children are

Your sole delight, and chiefest care,

Fond, tender, good, and true.

The censuring crowd may think it odd,

That I to you should write an ode,

My own long-wedded mate:

Though 'tis outré, I'll freely own,

Nay, must confess, 'tis not the ton,

No — nor the etiquette.

Yet will I this old track pursue:

I'll ever doat and write on you,

Thus daily growing fonder:

Till my last gasp your praise I'll chaunt,

Tho' all the world should laugh and taunt,

And modern husbands wonder.

S o n g.

Through mournful shades and solitary groves,
Fann'd with the sighs of unsuccessful loves,

Wild with despair, young Thyrsis strays,
Thinks over all Amyra's heavenly charms,
Thinks, he now sees her in another's arms,

Then at some willow's root himself he lays,
The loveliest, most unhappy swain,
And thus to the wild woods he does complain.

How art thou chang'd, o Thyrsis, since the time,
When thou couldst love and hope without a crime,

When nature's pride and earth's delight,
As through her shady evening-grove she past,
And a new day did all around her cast,

Could see, nor be offended at the sight
The melting, sighing, wishing swain,
That now must never hope to wish again!

Riches and titles, why should they prevail,
Where duty, love and adoration fail?

Lovely Amyra, shouldst thou prize
The empty noise, that a fine title makes,

Or the vile trash, that with the vulgar takes,
 Before a heart, that bleeds for thee and dies?
 Unkind! but pity the poor swain,
 Your rigor kills, nor triumph o'er the slain!

Duke.

The Lady and the Wasp.

What whispers must the beauty bear!
 What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
 Where-e'er her eyes dispense their charms,
 Impertinence around her swarms.
 Did not the tender nonsense strike,
 Contempt and scorn might look dislike,
 Forbidding airs might thin the place:
 The slightest flap a fly can chase:
 But who can drive the num'rous breed?
 Chase one, another will succeed.
 Who knows a fool, must know his brother,
 One fop will recommend another,
 And with this plague she's rightly curst,
 Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris at her toilette's duty
 Sate meditating on her beauty,

She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy wasp around her flies:
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan invain defends her charms:
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good gods, she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues, that heav'n has sent,
A wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd:
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty, caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips, that breathe perfume,
That cheek, so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach, that ever grew.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder wasps, like vulgar flies;
For though he's free, (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he postes,
Where e'er he came the favour boasts,
Braggs, how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew,
Sure of success, away they flew:
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play,
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast,
Nor were they banish'd, till she found,
That wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

Gay.

On a Spider.

Artist, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture hast display'd,

Who, if we may believe the fable,
Was once a curious blooming maid!

Infidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no official damsel's broom,
But weave thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banner round my room!

Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here may'st thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof;

Whilst I thy wond'rous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate,
Like thee, confin'd to lonely garret
And rudely bannish'd rooms of state.

And as from out thy tortur'd body
Thou draw'st thy slender string with pain,
So does he labour, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain;

He for some flutt'ring tawdry creature,
 That spreads her charms before his eye,
 And that's a conquest, little better,
 Than thine o'er gaudy butterfly.
 Thus far, 'tis plain, we both agree,
 Perhaps our deaths may plainly show it;
 'Tis ten to one, but penury
 Ends both the spider and its poet.

Paulo Purganti and his Wife.

Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
 Of vice and virtue in the schools,
 Beyond the letter of the law,
 Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
 The better sort should set before 'em
 A grace, a manner, a decorum,
 Something, that gives their acts a light,
 Makes 'em not only just, but bright,
 And sets 'em in that open fame,
 Which witty malice cannot blame;

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting.
 From lines, drawn true, our eye may trace
 A foot, a knee, a hand, a face,
 May justly own the picture wrought
 Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
 Yet if the colouring be not there,
 The Titian-stroke, the Guido-air,
 To nicest judgment show the piece,
 At best 'twill only not displease.
 It would not gain on Jersey's eye,
 Bradford would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind
 The action may be well design'd,
 Guided by law, and bound by duty,
 Yet want this je ne scay quoy of beauty,
 And though its error may be such,
 As Hnags and Burgefs cannot hit,
 It yet may feel the nicer touch
 Of Wycherley's or Congreve's wit.

What is this talk? replies a friend,
 And where will this dry moral end?
 The truth of what you here lay down,
 By some example should be shown —
 With all my heart — for once, read on.
 An honest, but a simple pair

(And twenty other I forbear)
May serve, to make this thesis clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife:
No woman led a better life;
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckled, when a bawd was carted,
And thought, the nation ne'er would thrive,
'Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought, no mercy should be had,
They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede—
In short, all lewdness she defy'd,
And stiff was her parochial pride.
Yet in an honest way the dame
Was a great lover of that fame,
And could from scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That, if in some regards she chose,
To curb poor Paulo in too close,
In others she relax'd again,
And gover'nd with a looser rein.

Thus, though she strictly did confine
 The doctor from excess of wine,
 With oysters, eggs and vermicelli
 She let him almost burst his belly:
 Thus drying coffee was deny'd,
 But chocolate that loss supply'd,
 And for tabacco (who could bear it?)
 Filthy concomitant of claret,
 (Blest revolution!) one might see
 Eringo - roots and bohea - tea.
 She often set the doctor's band,
 And stroak'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand,
 Kindly complain'd, that after noon
 He went, to pore on books too soon;
 She held it wholesomer by much,
 To rest a little on the couch:
 About his waste in bed a - nights
 She clung so close — for fear of sprits.

The doctor understood the call,
 But had not always wherewithal.
 The lion's skin, too short, you know,
 (As Plutarch's morals finely show)
 Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail,
 And art supplies, where strength may fail.
 Unwilling then, in arms to meet
 The enemy, he could not bead,

He

He strove, to lengthen the campaign,
 And save his forces by chicane.
 Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
 By fair retreat grew Maximus,
 Shows us, that all, that warriors can do
 With force inferior, is cunctando.

One day then, as the foe drew near
 With love and joy and life and dear,
 Our don, who knew, this tittle-tattle
 Did sure as trumpet call to battle,
 Thought it extremely a propos,
 To ward against the coming blow.
 To ward: but how? ay, there's the question,
 Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The doctor feign'd a strange surprise,
 He felt her pulse, he view'd her eyes:
 That beat too fast, these roll'd too quick.
 She was, he said, or would be sick:
 He judg'd it absolutely good,
 That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
 Spaw-waters for that end were got:
 If they pass'd easily or not,
 What matters it? the lady's fever
 Continu'd violent as ever.
 For a distemper of this kind,
 (Blackmore and Hans are of my mind)

If once it youthful blood infects,
 And chiefly of the female sex,
 Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion,
 Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.

One luckless night, then, as in bed
 The doctor and the dame were laid,
 Again this cruel fever came,
 High pulse, short breath and blood in flame.
 What measures shall poor Paulo keep
 With madam in this piteous taking?
 She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,
 And won't allow him rest, though waking.
 Sad state of matters, when we dare
 Not ask for peace, nor offer war!
 Nor Livy, nor Comines have shown,
 What in this juncture may be done.
 Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
 Harder than any, which he places
 Amongst his Belli and his Pacis.

He strove, alas! but strove invain,
 By dint of logic to maintain,
 That all the sex was born to grieve,
 Down to her ladyship from Eve.
 He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
 Back'd his opinion with quotations,
 Divines and moralists, and run ye on a

Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
 As much invain he bid her try,
 To fold her arms, to close her eye,
 Telling her, rest would do her good,
 If any thing in nature cou'd.

So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
 Masters and princes of the calling:
 So all our modern friends maintain,
 (Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.

Reduce, my Muse, the wand'ring song;
 A tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd.
 And sigh'd, and tofs'd, and groan'd, and burn'd:
 At last, I wish, she said, my dear, —
 And whisper'd something in his ear.
 You wish! wish on, the doctor cries:
 Lord! when will womankind be wise?
 What, in your waters? are you mad?
 Why, poison is not half so bad.
 I'll do it — but I give you warning,
 You'll die before to-morrow morning. —
 'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise,
 The lady with a sigh replies:
 But life, you know, at best is pain,
 And death is, what we should disdain.
 So do it therefore, and adieu;

For I will die for love of you. —
 Let wanton wives by death be scar'd :
 But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

Prior.

Song of Mopas. *)

But that, which Arthur with most pleasure heard,
 Were noble strains, by Mopas sung, the bard,
 Who to his harp in lofty verse began,
 And through the secret maze of nature ran.
 He the great spirit sung, that all things fill'd,
 That the tumultuous waves of Chaos still'd,

*) Blackmore's lot has been, to be much oftener mentioned by enemies than by friends. Dennis attacked his *Prince Arthur*, (a heroick poem, of which this song is a fragment) by a formal criticism. To this censure may be opposed the approbation of *Locke* and the admiration of *Molineux*, which are found in their printed letters. *Molineux* is particularly delighted with the song of Mopas.

Johnson's lives of the most eminent English Poets.

Whose nod dispos'd the jarring seeds to peace,
 And made the wars of hostile Atoms cease.
 All beings we in fruitful nature find,
 Proceeded from the great eternal mind,
 Streams of his unexhausted spring of power,
 And cherish'd with his influence, endure.
 He spread the pure cerulean fields on high,
 And arch'd the chambers of the vaulted sky,
 Which he, to suit their glory with their height,
 Adorn'd with globes, that reel, as drunk with light.
 His hand directed all the tuneful spheres:
 He turn'd their orbs, and polish'd all the stars.
 He fill'd the sun's vast lamp with golden light,
 And bid the silver-moon adorn the night.
 He spread the airy Ocean without shores,
 Where birds are wafted with their feather'd oars.
 Then sung the bard, how the light vapours rise
 From the warm earth, and cloud the smiling skies.
 He sung, how some, chill'd in their airy flight,
 Fall scatter'd down in pearly dew by night,
 How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret steams
 On the reflected points of bounding beams,
 Till, chill'd with cold, they shade th' etherial plain,
 Then on the thirsty earth descend in rain,
 How some, whose parts a slight contexture show,
 Sink, hovering through the air, in fleecy snow,

How part is spun in filken threads, and clings
Entangled in the grafs in glewy strings,
How others stamp to ftones, with rushing found
Fall from their cryftal quarries to the ground,
How fome are laid in trains, that kindled fly
In harmlefs fires by night, about the sky,
How fome in winds blow with impetuous force,
And carry ruin, where they bend their courfe,
While fome confpire, to form a gentle breeze,
To fan the air, and play among the trees,
How fome, enrag'd, grow turbulent and loud,
Pent in the bowels of a frowning cloud,
That cracks, as if the axis of the world
Was broke, and heaven's bright towers were down-
wards hurl'd.

He fung, how earth's wide ball at Jove's command
Did in the midft on airy columns ftand,
And how the foul of plants, in prifon held,
And bound with sluggish fetters, lies conceal'd,
Till with the fpring's warm beams almoft releas'd
From the dull weight, with which it lay oppreft,
Its vigour fpreads, and makes the teeming earth
Heave up, and labour with the fprouting birth.
The active fpirit freedom feeks invain;
It only works, and twifts a ftonger chain:
Urging its prifon's fides to break a way,

It makes that wider, where 'tis forc'd to stay :
 Till, having form'd its living house, it rears
 Its head, and in a tender plant appears.
 Hence springs the oak, the beauty of the grove,
 Whose stately trunk fierce storms can scarcely move.
 Hence grows the cedar, hence the swelling vine
 Does round the elm its purple clusters twine.
 Hence painted flowers the smiling gardens blebs,
 Both with their fragrant scent and gaudy drefs.
 Hence the white lily in full beauty grows,
 Hence the blue violet and blushing rose.
 He fung, how fun-beams brood upon the earth,
 And in the glebe hatch fuch a numerous birth,
 Which way the genial warmth in summer-forms
 Turns putrid vapours to a bed of worms,
 How rain, transform'd by this prolifick power,
 Falls from the clouds an animated shower.
 He fung the embryo's growth within the womb,
 And how the parts their various shapes affume,
 With what rare art the wondrous ftructure's wrought,
 From one crude mafs to fuch perfection brought,
 That no part ufelefs, none misplac'd we fee:
 None are forgot, and more would monftrous be.

Blackmore.

P r o l o g u e

to the Tragedy: Papal Tyranny in the reign
of King John.

The hardy wretch, that gives the stage a play,
Sails in a cock-boat on a tumbling sea.
Shakespeare, whose works no play-wright could excel,
Has lanch'd us fleets of plays, and built them well:
Strength, beauty, greatness were his constant care,
And all his tragedies were men of war.
Such tow'ring barks the rage of seas defy'd,
The storms of critics, adverse winds, or tide,
Yet fame, nor favour ever deign'd to say,
King John was station'd as a first-rate play;
Though strong and sound the hulk, yet every part
Reach'd not the merit of his usual art.
To cure what, seem'd amiss—a modern Muse,
Warm'd by the subject, lets his rashness loose,
Takes on himself the errors of to-day,
And, thus refitted, trusts it to the sea.
The purpose of his voyage this—to shew,
How England groan'd—five hundred years ago,
When, veil'd with sanctity, the papal sway
To wolvish pastors made our folds a prey,
When Roman prelates here like princes reign'd,

Yet scarce e'er visited the land, they drain'd,
 And while the bigot's neck this yoke endures,
 Our souls were sav'd by foreign fine-cures.

Thus while each pontiff, like the sun, from hence
 Exhal'd the vapours—of his Peter-pence,
 Their lock'd-up heav'n they promis'd (such the gra-
 ce is,

That popes, like box-keepers, secur'd you places,
 But not as here; their laws more firm were made:
 None were admitted there, before they paid.)

As if the right divine of Roman pow'r
 Were first, to blind their flocks, and then devour!

This carnal discipline the fi'ry John,
 Determin'd to suppress, asserts his throne,
 Defiance to the lordly pontiff flings,

And spurns his legates, that would cope with kings.
 Hence! roar'd the holy thunder through the land:
 Aghast, the people hear the dread command.

Terror, confusion, rage and civil war
 At once the bowels of the nation tear,
 'Till the lost Monarch vanquish'd, and alone,

His subjects to regain, resigns his throne,
 With vassal-homage at her feet lays down,
 To hold from Rome, his tributary-crown.

These dire disasters, this religious rage,
 That shames our annals, may become the stage,

Where the wild passions, which these contests raise,
 If well presented, may deserve your praise.
 At least this pleasure from the view may flow,
 That long, long distant were those scenes of woe,
 And as such chains no more these realms annoy,
 Applaud the liberty, you now enjoy!

Cibber.

Ode to Solitude *)

O! solitude, instructive maid!
 Wrap me in thy sequester'd shade
 (And all my soul employ)
 From folly, ignorance and strife,
 From all the giddy whirls of life,
 And loud unmeaning joy!

*) From a volume, entitled *The Daughter*, written by Mrs. Cooper, author of the exemplary *Mother and Fanny Meadows*.

While in the statesman's glowing dream
 Fancy portrays the high-wrought scheme,
 And plans a future fame,
 What is the phantom, he pursues?
 What the advantage, that accrues?

Alas! an empty name!

To him the grove no pleasure yields,
 The mossy bank, nor verdant fields,
 Nor daisy painted lawns:

Invain th'ambrosial gale invites,
 Invain all nature sheds delights;

Her genuine charms he scorns.

Pleasure allures the giddy throng:
 The gay, the vain, the fair, the young,

All bend before her shrine;

She spreads around delusive shares,

The borrow'd garb of bliss she wears,

And tempts in form divine.

Fashion with wild tyrannic sway

Directs the business of the day,

And reigns without controul:
The beaus and sparkling belles confers,
She animates the modes of drefs,
And chains the willing foul.

Can thefe, the slaves of fashion's pow'r,
Enjoy the filent tranquil hour,

And bloom with nature's glow?
Or to the votaries of fenfe
Can folitude her sweets difpenfe,
And happinefs beftow?

Ye fages, who with anxious care
Rov'd thro' the fleeting tracks of air,

A vacuum to find!
Wifer had ye employ'd your skill,
With folid fenfe and worth to fill
The vacuum of the mind.

Let choice, not wrinkled spleen engage
The mind, to quit the world's gay ftage;

Where folly's fcenes are play'd,
Sour difcontent and pining care

Attaint the fragrance of the air,
Disturb the silent shade.

Not to the monkish moss-grown cell,
Where superstition loves to dwell,
Blest solitude retires:

They only feel her genuine pow'r,
Whose converse in the lonely hour,
Each social deed inspires.

Not wounded by misfortune's dart,
I seek, to ease the rankling smart

Of thorny-fettering woe,
But, far remote from crowds and noise,
To reap fair virtue's placid joys:
In wisdom's soil they grow.

I ask not pageant pomp, nor wealth;
For blest with competence and health,

'Twere folly, to be great:
May I thro' life serenely slide,
As yon clear streams, that silent glide,
Nor quit this lov'd retreat!

Beneath this leafy arch reclin'd,

I taste more true content of mind,

Than frolic mirth can give:

Here to the busy world unknown,

I feel each blissful hour my own,

And learn the art, to live.

While, turning natur's volume o'er,

Fresh beauties rise, unseen before,

To strike th' astonish'd soul,

Our mental harmony improves,

To mark each planet, as it moves,

How all in order roll.

From nature's fix'd unerring laws

We're lifted to th' eternal cause,

Which moves this lifeless clod:

This wondrous frame, this vast design

Proclaim the workmanship divine,

The architect a God.

Oh! sacred bliss, thy paths to trace!

And happiest they of human race,

To whom this pow'r is giv'n,
 Each day in some sequester'd shade,
 By contemplation's soft'ring aid,
 To plume the soul for heav'n!

Mrs. Cooper.

Mrs. Montagu,

happening to fall at St. James's, the day after
 her accident she received the following lines.

Ye radiant fair! ye Hebes of the day,
 Who heedless laugh your little hour away,
 Let caution be your guide, whene'er ye sport
 Within the splendid precincts of the court!
 Th' event of yesterday for prudence calls —
 'Tis dangerous treading, where Minerva falls.

Jerningham.

O d e
to John Howard Esq. *)

Fav'rite of heaven and friend of earth,
Philanthropy, benignant power,
Whose sons display no doubtful worth,
The pageant of the passing hour!
Teach me, to paint in deathless song
Some darling from thy filial throng,
Whose deeds no party-rage inspire,
But fill th' agreeing world with one desire,
To echo his renown, responsive to my lyre!

Ah! whither lead'st thou? whence that sigh?
What sound of woe my bosom jars?
Why pass, where misery's hollow eye
Glares wildly thro' those gloomy bars?
Is virtue sunk in these abodes,
Where keen remorse the heart corrodes,
Where guilt's base blood with frenzy boils,
And blasphemy the mournful scene embroils? —
From this infernal gloom my shudd'ring soul recoils.

But

Author of the state of English and foreign prisons.

But whence those sudden sacred beams?
 Oppression drops his iron-rod,
 And all the bright'ning dungeon seems,
 To speak the presence of a god.
 Philanthropy's descending ray
 Diffuses unexpected day.
 Loveliest of angels! — at her side
 Her favourite votary stands — her English pride,
 Thro' horror's mansions led by this celestial guide.

Hail, generous Howard! tho' thou bear
 A name, which glory's hand sublime
 Has blazon'd oft with guardian-care
 In characters, that fear not time,
 For thee she fondly spreads her wings,
 For thee from paradise she brings,
 More verdant than her laurel-bough,
 Such wreaths of sacred palm, as ne'er till now
 The smiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal brow.

That Hero's *) praise shall ever bloom,
 Who shielded our insulted coast,

*) Charles Howard, Earl of Nottingham.

And launch'd his light'ning, to consume
 The proud invader's routed host.
 Brave perils rais'd his noble name:
 But thou deriv'st thy matchless fame
 From scenes, where deadlier danger dwells,
 Where fierce contagion with affright repels
 Valour's advent'rous step from her malignant cells.

Where in the dungeon's loathsome shade
 The speechless captive clanks his chain,
 With heartless hope to raise that aid,
 His feeble cries have call'd invain,
 Thine eye his dumb complaint explores,
 Thy voice his parting breath restores,
 Thy cares his ghastly visage clear
 From death's chill dew with many a clotted tear,
 And to his thankful soul/returning life endear.

What precious drug or stronger charm
 Thy constant fortitude inspires
 In scenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
 Med'cine *) with selfish dread retires?
 Nor, charm, nor drug dispel thy fears:
 Temperance, thy better guard, appears.

*) Muffabat tacito medicina timore.

For thee I see her fondly fill
 Her crystal cup from nature's purest rill,
 Chief nourisher of life, best antidote of ill.

I see the hallow'd shade of Hales, *)
 Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
 And taught the health-diffusing gales
 Thro' horror's murky cells to blow,
 As thy protecting angel wait,
 To save thee from the snares of fate,
 Commission'd from th' eternal throne:
 I hear him praise in wonder's warmest tone
 The virtues of thy heart, more active than his own.

Thy soul supplies new funds of health,
 That fail not in thy trying hour,
 Above Arabia's spicy wealth
 And Pharmacy's reviving power.
 The transports of the generous mind,
 Feeling its bounty to mankind,
 Inspirit every mortal part,

*) *Stephen Hales*, minister of Teddington. He died at the age of 84. 1761, and has been justly called an ornament to his profession as a philosopher.

And, far more potent than precarious art,
Give radiance to the eye, and vigour to the heart.

Blest Howard! who like thee can feel
This vital spring in all its force?
New star of philanthropic zeal,
Enlight'ning nations in thy course,
And shedding comfort's heavenly dew
On meagre want's deserted crew!
Friend to the wretch, whom friends disclaim,
Who feels stern justice in his famish'd frame
A persecuting fiend beneath an angel's name!

Authority, unfeeling power,
Whose iron-heart can coldly doom
The debtor, dragg'd from pleasure's bower,
To sicken in the dungeon's gloom!
O might thy terror-striking call
Profusion's sons alone inthrall!
But thou canst want with guilt confound:
Thy bonds the man of virtuous toil surround,
Driven by malicious fate within thy dreary bound.

How savage are thy stern decrees!
 Thy cruel minister I see
 A weak, laborious victim seize,
 By worth entitled to be free.
 Behold, in the afflicting strife
 The faithful partner of his life
 In vain thy ruthless servant court,
 To spare her little children's sole support,
 Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their sport.

Nor weeps she only from the thought,
 Those infants must no longer share
 His aid, whose daily labour bought
 The pittance of their scanty fare.
 The horrors of the loathsome jail
 Her inly-bleeding heart assail:
 E'en now her fears, from fondness bred,
 See the lost partner of her faithful bed
 Drop in that murd'rous scene his pale, expiring
 head.

Take comfort yet in these keen pains,
 Fond mourner! check thy gushing tears!
 The dungeon now no more contains

Those perils, which thy fancy fears :
No more contagion's baleful breath
Speaks it the hideous cave of death :
Howard has planted safety there.
Pure minister of light, his heavenly care
Has purg'd the damp of death from that polluted air.

His care exulting Britain found
Here first display'd, not here confin'd ;
No single tract of earth could bound
The active virtues of his mind.
To all the lands, where'er the tear,
That mourn'd the prisoner's wrongs severe ,
Sad pity's glitt'ning cheek impearl'd ,
Eager he flew'd, with every sail unfurl'd ,
A friend to every clime, a patriot of the world.

Ye nations, thro' whose fair domain
Our flying sons of joy have past ,
By pleasure driven with loosen'd rein ,
Astonish'd, that they flew so fast !
How did the heart-improving fight
Awake your wonder and delight ,
When in her unexampled chace

Philanthropy outstript keen pleasure's pace,
When with a warmer soul she ran a nobler race!

Where'er her generous Briton went,
Princes his supplicants became:
He seem'd th' enquiring angel, sent,
To scrutinize their secret shame.
Captivity, where he appear'd,
Her languid head with transport rear'd,
And gazing on her godlike guest,
Like those of old, whom heaven's pure servant blest,
E'en by his shadow seem'd of demons dispossess'd.

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,
Seeing their patron pass along:
"O! who is he, whose daring eye
Can search into our hidden wrong?
What monarch's heaven-directed mind,
With royal bounty unconfined,
Has tempted freedom's son, to share
These perils, searching with an angel's care
Each cell of dire disease, each cavern of despair?"

No monarch's word, nor lucre's lust,
Nor vain ambition's restless fire,
Nor ample power, that sacred trust,
His life-diffusing toils inspire,
Rous'd by no voice, save that, whose cries
Internal bid the soul arise,
From joys, that only seem to bless,
From low pursuits, which little minds possess,
To nature's noblest aim, the succour of distress.

Taught by that God in mercy's robe,
Who his celestial throne resign'd,
To free the prison of the globe
From vice, th' oppressor of the mind,
For thee, of misery's rights bereft,
For thee, captivity! he left
Fair fortune's lap, who, far from coy,
Bade him with smiles his golden hours employ
In her delicious bower, the festive scene of joy.

While to thy virtue's utmost scope
I boldly strive my aim to raise,
As high as mortal hand may hope,
To shoot the glittering shaft of praise,

Say, Howard, say, what may the Muse,
 Whose melting eye thy merit views,
 What guerdon may her love design?
 What may she ask for thee from power divine
 Above the rich rewards, which are already thine?

Sweet is the joy, when science flings
 Her light on philosophic thought,
 When genius with keen ardour springs,
 To clasp the lovely truth, he fought:
 Sweet is the joy, when rapture's fire
 Flows from the spirit of the lyre,
 When liberty and virtue roll
 Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,
 That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the pole.

Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
 Feels consolation's lenient hand
 Bind up the wound from fortune's dart
 With friendship's life-supporting band,
 And sweeter still, and far above
 These fainter joys, when purest love
 The soul his willing captive keeps,
 When he in bliss the melting spirit sleeps,
 Who drops delicious tears, and wonders, that he
 weeps!

But not the brightest joy, which arts
In floods of mental light bestow,
Nor what firm friendship's zeal imparts,
Blest antidote of bitterest woe,
Nor those, that love's sweet hours dispense,
Can equal the ecstatic sense,
When, swelling to a fond excess,
The grateful praises of relief'd distress,
Re-echoed thro' the heart, the soul of bounty blest.

These transports in no common state,
Supremely pure, sublimely strong,
Above the reach of envious fate,
Blest Howard! these to thee belong.
While years encreasing o'er thee roll,
Long may the sunshine of thy soul
New vigour to thy frame convey,
Its radiance thro' thy noon of life display,
And with serenest light adorn thy closing day!

And when the power, who joys to save,
Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven,
And calls the prisoners of the grave
To all the liberty of heaven,
In that bright day, whose wonders blind
The eye of the astonish'd mind,

When life's glad angel shall resume
His ancient sway, announce to death his doom,
And from existence drive that tyrant of the tomb;

In that blest hour, when Seraphs sing
The triumphs, gain'd in human strife,
And to their new associates bring
The wreaths of everlasting life,
May'st thou in glory's hallow'd blaze
Approach th' eternal fount of praise
With those, who lead th' angelic van,
Those pure adherents to their Saviour's plan,
Who liv'd but, to relieve the miseries of man!

Hayley.

Epistle to a young Widow.

Let bashful virgins, nicely coy,
Exalted rapture lose,
And timid at untasted joy
Thro' fearfulness refuse!

Will you — the pleasing conflict try'd,
Tho' sure, to conquer — fly?
In you — the sacred zone unty'd,
'Tis peevish, to deny.

But if, my fair! the widow's name
 Hold gracious with you still,
 The god of love has form'd a scheme,
 Obsequious to your will.

Take, take me to thy twining arms,
 (Opprest with warm desire)
 Where, conquer'd by such mighty charms,
 A monarch might expire!

Thou'lt be a widow ev'ry night,
 (Thy wondrous pow'r confest!)
 And as I die in dear delight,
 My tomb shall be thy breast.

Cunningham.

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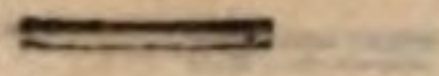
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Errata.

In the first Volume.

Pag. 12 Lin. 5 read *thunders* for *thounder*.
 Pag. 48 after the 4th. Line are to be inserted the
 following two verses:

*Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
 What, tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,*

Pag.	95	Lin.	21	read	endeavour to please.
—	101	—	19	—	<i>here</i> for <i>her</i> .
—	—	—	24	—	<i>all</i> for <i>hall</i> .
—	102	—	1	—	<i>O why</i> for <i>Owhay</i> .
—	103	—	14	—	<i>praise</i> for <i>praises</i> .
—	—	—	16	—	<i>for</i> for <i>fore</i> .
—	104	—	23	—	<i>heart-relenting</i> for <i>heart renting</i> .
—	108	—	4	—	<i>to</i> <i>sheltering</i> .
—	109	—	5	—	<i>are</i> for <i>th'</i> .
—	115	—	23	—	<i>wanted</i> for <i>vanted</i> .
—	116	—	23	—	<i>scarce</i> for <i>seare</i> .
—	117	—	26	—	<i>call</i> for <i>eall</i> .
—	118	—	1	—	<i>crannies</i> for <i>erannies</i> .
—	124	—	9	—	<i>and the flow'rs</i> .
—	127	—	3	—	<i>farmer</i> for <i>former</i> .
—	131	—	11	—	<i>servitude's</i> my lot.
—	140	—	17	—	<i>'tis</i> for <i>it's</i> .
—	141	—	9	—	<i>Hanbury</i> for <i>Hanburg</i> .
—	152	—	16	—	<i>poet's</i> for <i>potts</i> .
—	158	—	19	—	<i>again</i> for <i>agen</i> .
—	165	—	20	—	<i>appears to</i> <i>have</i> .
—	193	—	17	—	<i>Ask</i> for <i>Ash</i> .
—	196	—	2	—	<i>laurel-wreath</i> for <i>laureat wreath</i> .
—	205	—	1	—	<i>fight</i> for <i>fight</i> .
—	206	—	5	—	<i>fix</i> for <i>fix</i> .
—	213	—	7	—	<i>Sprat</i> for <i>Atterbury</i> .
—	237	—	12	—	<i>rock</i> for <i>rocks</i> .

Pag. 239 after the 16th. Line is to be inserted the following verse:

Where priestly pomp in purple lustre blaz'd,

Pag. 298 Lin. 12 read *he* for *she*.
— 299 — 15 — *Isling-town* for *Isling-tor*.

In the second Volume.

ag.	30	Lin.	14	read	To for Tho.
—	33	—	20	—	Thy for The.
—	47	—	9	—	Dorchester for Dorchesier.
—	102	—	18	—	withstood for wits stood.
—	106	—	13	—	less for loss.
—	202	—	3	—	sigh for fight.
—	—	—	21	—	elude for llude.
—	225	—	7	—	sphere for speere.
—	237	—	4	—	memory for mem'bry.
—	—	—	17	—	heard for head.
—	240	—	16	—	narrow for nartow.
—	245	—	3	—	gave for grave.
—	248	—	1	—	Evening for Envening.
—	—	—	9	—	fidler for fidler.
—	—	—	15	—	those for thoso.
—	251	—	14	—	alliance for dalliance.
—	252	—	21	—	place he lov'd.
—	258	—	1	—	Stratford for Statford.
—	263	—	19	—	Thou for Thon.
—	264	—	22	—	quit for quitt.
—	270	—	11	—	Eaton for Eton.

In the third Volume.

Pag.	4	Lin.	14	read	<i>adorn</i> for <i>adorm</i> .
—	—	—	15	—	<i>crown</i> for <i>grown</i> .]
—	24	—	12	—	<i>but</i> for <i>bur</i> .
—	40	—	7	—	<i>of</i> for <i>oi</i> .
—	43	—	14	—	<i>ages</i> for <i>agee</i> .
—	—	—	20	—	<i>It</i> for <i>If</i> .
—	54	—	24	—	<i>his</i> for <i>vis</i> .
—	70	—	16	—	<i>appear</i> for <i>appears</i> .
—	80	—	5	—	<i>Politician's</i> for <i>Politian's</i> .
—	99	—	4	—	<i>second</i> for <i>sceond</i> .
—	100	—	19	—	<i>On</i> for <i>An</i> .
—	103	—	1	—	<i>On</i> for <i>Of</i> .
—	114	—	12	—	<i>perhaps</i> for <i>perhops</i> .
—	119	—	13	—	<i>detain</i> you for <i>detain</i> .
—	124	—	11	—	<i>thee</i> for <i>thec</i> .
—	126	—	2	—	<i>thee</i> for <i>the</i> .
—	130	—	16	—	<i>would</i> for <i>will'd</i> .
—	—	—	18	—	<i>gives</i> for <i>grives</i> .
—	138	—	5	—	<i>Go</i> for <i>Yo</i> .
—	148	—	16	—	<i>an</i> for <i>on</i> .
—	152	—	15	—	<i>Altough</i> for <i>Alt tough</i> .
—	153	—	3	—	<i>hundred</i> for <i>hundrad</i> .
—	157	—	4	—	<i>marry</i> for <i>many</i> .
—	161	—	10	—	<i>vizard-maske</i> for <i>vizard-make</i> .
—	168	—	9	—	<i>Disastre</i> for <i>Difaste</i> .
—	—	—	21	—	<i>heard</i> for <i>heast</i> .
—	202	—	5	—	<i>shall ne'er be lost</i> .
—	206	—	10	—	<i>You've</i> for <i>You' have</i> .
—	228	—	2	—	<i>them</i> for <i>thiem</i> .
—	240	—	17	—	<i>groan</i> for <i>groun</i> .
—	277	—	11	—	<i>I end</i> for <i>lend</i> .
—	290	—	10	—	<i>Thomson</i> for <i>Thompson</i> .

In the fourth Volume.

Pag.	6	Lin.	22	read	<i>vers'd</i> for <i>ver'd</i> .
—	8	—	17	—	<i>Drive</i> for <i>Dride</i> .
—	48	—	21	—	<i>If</i> for <i>I</i> .
—	110	—	3	—	<i>they</i> for <i>the</i> .
—	135	—	16	—	<i>the</i> for <i>he</i> .
—	163	—	2	—	<i>refin'd</i> for <i>refin'd</i> .
—	294	after the 13 th . Line are to be added the following four verses:			

*Quick to th' affrighted fair I flew,
And hast'ning, to relieve the smart,
I kiss'd the throbbing wound, and drew
The subtle poison to my heart.*

In the fifth Volume.

Pag.	1	Lin.	3	read	<i>English</i> for <i>Englisch</i> .
—	9	—	17	—	<i>Go</i> for <i>Goo</i> .
—	10	—	14	—	<i>to</i> for <i>too</i> .
—	21	—	1	—	<i>true</i> for <i>tr e</i> .
—	22	—	1	—	<i>sweet</i> for <i>fwear</i> .
—	29	—	10	—	<i>charms</i> for <i>charm</i> .
—	35	—	18	—	<i>of</i> for <i>o</i> .
—	156	—	21	—	<i>Ecclesiæ</i> for <i>Ecclesia</i> .
—	159	—	18	—	<i>Sub pelle</i> for <i>Subpelle</i> .
—	163	—	3	—	<i>Ignatian</i> for <i>Ignation</i> .
—	166	—	12	—	<i>delight</i> for <i>declight</i> .

Pag.	167	Lin.	11	read	<i>Smooth</i> for <i>Smoot</i> .
—	172	—	10	—	<i>Zephyrus</i> for <i>Zephyrns</i> .
—	176	—	5	—	<i>controuls</i> for <i>controls</i> .
—	197	—	15	—	<i>taste</i> for <i>taest</i> .
—	211	—	18	—	<i>here</i> for <i>he-e</i> .
—	271	—	26	—	<i>He overpays in condescension</i> .
—	286	—	7	—	<i>thy</i> for <i>they</i> .

In the sixth Volume.

Pag.	30	Lin.	10	read	<i>again</i> for <i>agen</i> .
—	35	—	8	—	<i>With</i> for <i>Wit</i> .
—	48	—	10	—	<i>sleeve</i> for <i>sleve</i> .
—	52	—	16	—	<i>now extend</i> for <i>nowe xtend</i> .
—	57	—	24	—	<i>man</i> for <i>men</i> .
—	64	—	8	—	<i>swears</i> for <i>fweats</i> .
—	—	—	15	—	<i>he</i> for <i>she</i> .
—	69	—	8	—	<i>irrev'rence</i> for <i>irrev'ence</i> .
—	72	—	10	—	<i>and</i> for <i>an</i> .
—	102	—	3	—	<i>But</i> for <i>Buf</i> .
—	107	—	25	—	<i>To take</i> for <i>a ke</i> .
—	120	—	4	—	<i>thee</i> for <i>the</i> .
—	124	—	8	—	<i>black</i> for <i>biack</i> .
—	127	—	11	—	<i>chamber</i> for <i>camber</i> .
—	138	—	17	—	<i>yon</i> for <i>you</i> .
—	170	—	21	—	<i>desire</i> for <i>defire</i> .

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